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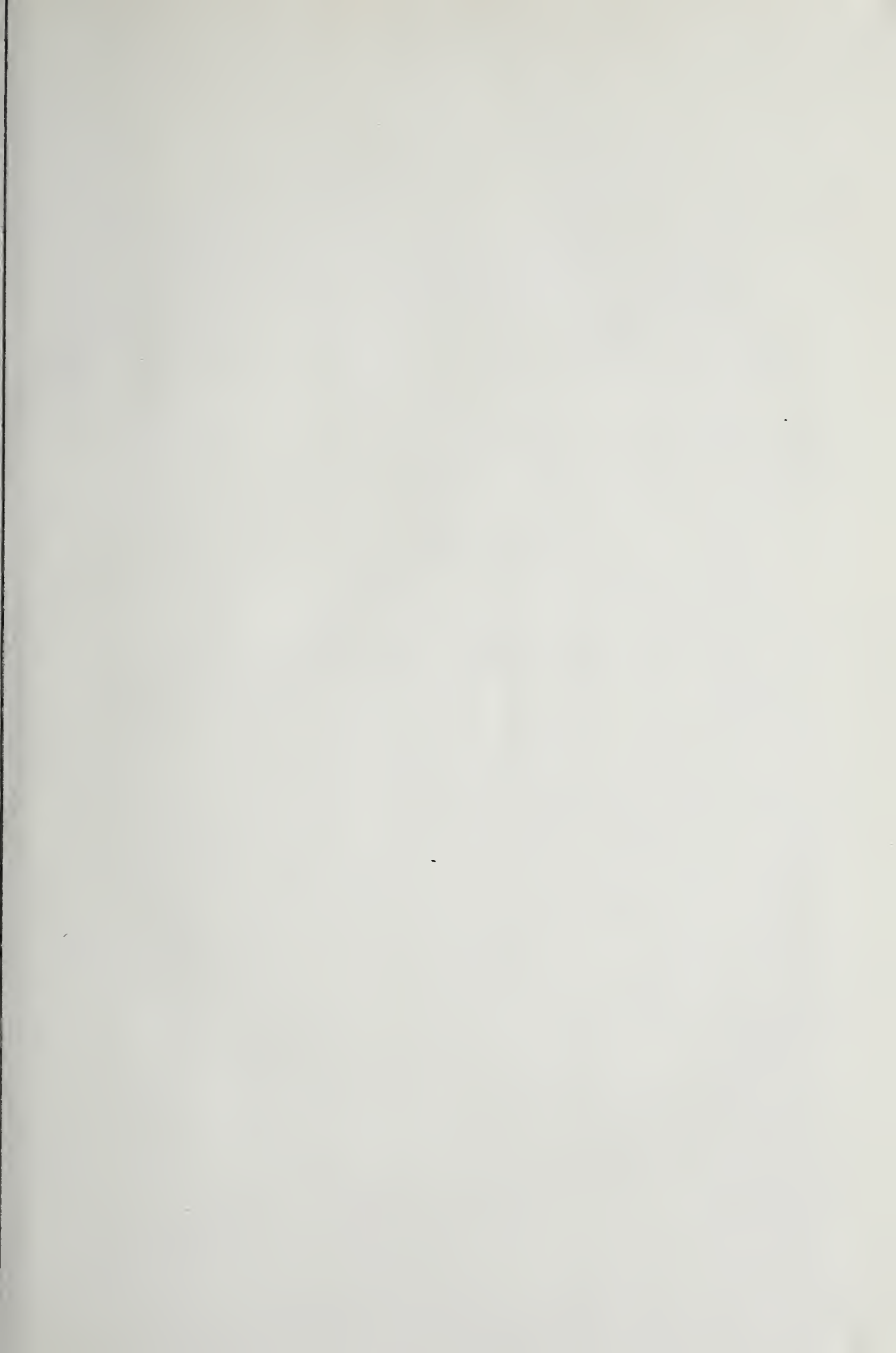
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With sincere good wishes  
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J M & Ida M. Dolan.





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IDA MARY HAGER DOLAN  
BORN, 1859  
MARRIED, 1876  
FIFTIETH MARRIAGE ANNIVERSARY, 1926

# Ida Mary Hager Dolan

1859 - 1876 - 1926



From the Press of  
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Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located in the center of the page.

1721797

*In loving memory of my dear Father,  
Mother, Husband and Children*





This is a story of my life, written  
from memory: many things forgotten,  
but what I have  
written is the Truth.

*“The truth is good enough: tell it and  
nothing more.”*





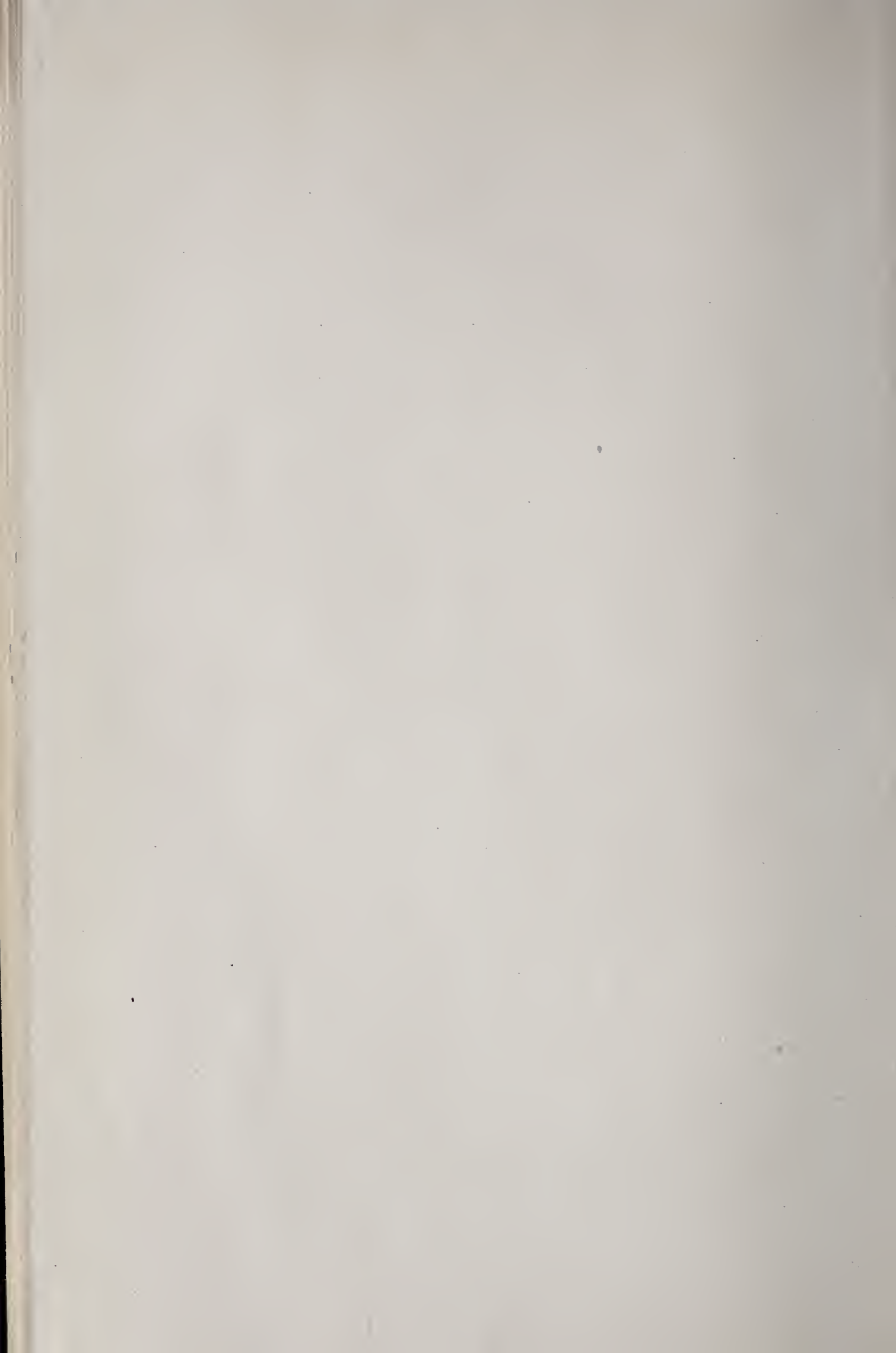
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## PART I.

1864. I am a little girl with reddish brown hair and brown eyes, looking at the letters on the kitchen stove door, and singing over and over, "I have two homes—one here on earth, and one in Heaven." It seems I had a *gift* from the One above: I could find lost articles. I did not think very much about it; it seemed natural. Very often my father would call me to come and help him find some lost article, and as we would go to look, I would always ask in a whisper, "Now please, dear Lord, help me." I would always find it, and my father would be so surprised and delighted, and would say, "I just knew *you* could find it."

My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hager, had six children—three couples—Orson and Frank, Elias and Ida, Spencer, or Pen, and Libbie. We lived on a small farm near Winnebago, Winnebago County, Illinois, about one hundred miles west of Chicago. Our near neighbors were an Irish family by the name of Delany. They were very nice people and lived in a small home; had a large family of children, and a grandmother by the name of Mrs. Dolan. My dog Cuff and I would call on them every day—some days several times; and my older brother used to call me "Mrs. Dolan" because I was over there so much. Mrs. Delany would always give me something to eat. I was rather particular, but I would always take what she gave me with a "Thank you"—and never ate it. Cuff knew this, so he would stay close by me all the way home, and as soon as we were out of sight of Mrs. Delany, I would give it to him; and of course he en-

joyed it very much. One afternoon I happened to go out in the garden, and there was Cuff digging a hole—and there sat a big white pitcher filled with clabber milk. He was getting ready to bury it—then he would have it for some time when he was good and hungry. He had gotten the pitcher from Mrs. Delany's cellar. I cuffed my dog's ears, and took the pitcher of milk back to its owner. She just laughed and said, "He is a very smart dog."

My father had a blind horse that we children liked so well. We would hitch him to a spring wagon and drive to the woods five or six miles and gather hazel nuts; then we would bring the nuts home and put them on the roof of the kitchen, to dry. I had two stones there—one to put the nuts on, and the other to crack them with. I would go up on this roof with a small ladder and eat nuts and have a nice, quiet time.

My first school days commenced when I was about seven years old. My mother wanted my little brother Pen to start school the same time I did; and when he was five years old, our dinner pails were filled with good things to eat, and we started off to school together. We had to walk one mile to this little town called Winnebago. The school house was not very large—two rooms below and two above. A good many brought their dinners, so we had a very jolly time during the noon hour. I remember that one day a little boy said something very improper to me. I picked up the long iron stove-poker and struck at his head. I missed him, thank God, but I have never forgotten it.

Brother Pen and I sat together and in the next seat in front of us sat a little girl with red bobbed hair. (It seems they bobbed hair then also. My picture, taken

in 1864, shows I had bobbed hair.) Well, I want to tell you about this little, red-haired school girl. As I have said, she sat in the next seat in front of Pen and me, and we had a good time picking lice off her hair and neck. We would put them in a pen made of our books, and they were our cattle and sheep. The little girl did not mind it very much.

One day I was sitting—studying, I suppose—I turned around in my seat, with my hand in the window, which was up. Down it came, and mashed my hand, cutting one finger almost in two. I screamed—help came; but they had a hard time getting the window up off of my hand. I was taken to a doctor as soon as possible and fixed up. I still have the scar on my hand.

As time went on, many things happened. My father and mother decided to take a trip to their old home in New York State, and to take with them, of course, Libbie, the baby, and myself. Orson, Frank, Elias and Pen stayed at home to keep house and take good care of everything. Orson was twenty-one years old. It was winter and lots of snow was on the ground. My father had a good bob-sleigh and a fine team of black horses, buffalo-ropes, sleigh bells, and everything with which to have a good sleigh-ride. So we left the rest of the family, and Father and Mother, Baby Libbie and I went on to visit Grandmother Hager and several aunts all living together in Cobleskill, New York, in the nicest, cleanest home I have ever seen. The kitchen floor was painted a bright yellow, with a rug placed here and there; the kitchen stove shone with a polish that was wonderful. The whole house was in order from the basement to the attic. The land

had been bought in 1800 and had been paid for by day labor. There were maple trees, so they made maple sugar. They raised cotton and flax and got wool from their sheep. In fact, they raised everything they used. They were wonderful workers, getting up at two o'clock every Monday morning, thus having the washing on the line before daylight, and the kitchen floor polished and breakfast ready by daylight.

As I have said, we were there for a visit. A neighbor of my grandfather's happened to be at the station when we got off the train, and he took us out—about a mile or two. My father went to the door and rapped, and Aunt Sarah came to the door with her knitting in her hand. My father said, "Good evening. Can you keep my family and myself over night?" She gave him another look—then she threw her arms around him and commenced to hit him over the head with her knitting crying with joy and saying, "Oh, Abe, is it you? Oh, Abe, is it you?" They all were surprised, and delighted to see each other; it had been twenty years or more since my father had left them all.

My father and mother had a good time visiting there; and my mother also spent a short time with her brother Spencer Moore, living at Schenectady, New York. He had married George Westinghouse's sister—we children called her Aunt Katie. She wanted to adopt me, for she had lost her little daughter about my age and of the same name. Aunt Katie had named me "Ida Mary." She had two sons, George and Frank.

Our visit was almost over, my mother commenced to pack, and we were soon on our way home. Orson met us at the train with the sleigh and black team. As

we were getting into the sleigh I remember that my father looked at his black team, and he almost cried. Oh, I was so sorry for him—I did love him so. He said, “Orson, how awfully this team looks—and Blacky is lame. Oh, my! I wish I had not gone away.”

“Well, Pa,” Orson replied, “I am sorry—I have been careless—we have been to so many parties—and so on.”

We drove on home, and there were Elias and Pen, who were so glad to see us that they cried for joy. Sister Frank had been so busy with the winter parties that the house was not in very good order. I think my mother decided then and there that she would never leave home again.

My brother Orson was married the preceding winter. Orson, Frank, Father and Mother left for the wedding. Elias wanted to shave, so he got a table-knife which had a good steel blade. I turned the grindstone for him and he sharpened the knife in good shape—I suppose. He tried to shave, and after he was through with that he got our brother Orson’s cigar box. We both had a cigar and were smoking—when the door opened, and there were Pa and Ma; they had come back for me, as Mrs. Chapin would not have the wedding until we returned, for she thought *I* should be present. So my mother dressed me in a rush, and back we went, just one mile. The young people were married, and all went into the dining room for the wonderful supper. Of course we children had to wait until the second table. But one of the young men came over to me and said, “Please, Ida, come with me to supper.” I was surprised—but pleased. I stood up straight and said, “*I will*—thank you”—and walked off with him, my head

in the air. The other children I had left behind me, looked at me in astonishment. I felt as though I had grown up in a minute.

A few weeks after the wedding, my father sold his farm and I was very much excited, for we were all going to take a trip. Our household goods, our good dog Cuff, and our horses were all loaded in a freight car; and Orson went with them to Lincoln, Nebraska. Of course the family went on the train, and my father was with us to manage everything. As soon as we arrived in Lincoln, Orson met us at the train and told us he had rented a house. The household goods were all there, for Orson had been in Lincoln a week; so the house he had rented was ready for us, and that was nice.

My father and Orson were anxious to go out west of Lincoln and take a claim on some land. So within a short time they drove to Fillmore County, and took a homestead and a tree-claim, and built a small house on Orson's claim. Then in May, 1871, Orson took his wife, Jenny, there. He took me along as company for Jenny, to stay with her while he was going back and forth. The country was filling up very rapidly with people. Lumber was hauled out from Lincoln to build a barn on my father's claim. When the barn was finished, the family went there, and lived in this new barn until the house was built.

We had terrible windstorms that summer, very often at night. I remember one night a terrible storm came up suddenly and blew all the doors open, and it seemed everything in the room blew outdoors. I jumped up, and blew out, too. My mother saw me go, and commenced to cry, "Oh, Ida! Oh, Ida!" Well, as

soon as I could, I came back. We all worked good and hard trying to collect our household goods. I thought we had come to a terrible country, for we had so many storms of that sort—just hard *wind* storms—all summer. My sister Frank was the first school teacher in that country, and our first school was in this barn, three or four neighbor children coming to school there.

That fall, 1871, I saw J. W. Dolan for the first time. He came to our house with Doctor Smith. My brother Orson was Justice of the Peace, and Doctor Smith and Mr. Dolan came to our house to see him, and have him swear in Doctor Smith as postmaster. It seems that some wonderful “voice” told me to look at Mr. Dolan. I turned around to look at him, and saw a very good-looking young man—straight and tall, very slender—wearing a long gray overcoat. They stopped a few minutes, then they were gone, back to the town of Exeter, four miles from our home. At this time I was twelve years old.

A small school house was built two miles from our home, and I walked to school. Mr. Kettlewell was our first teacher. He had taken land near this school house, so it was very convenient for him to teach there. I have forgotten how long he taught this school, but it was several terms. One of our near neighbors, Mr. Williams, lived a mile and a half from us. They had several children, one of whom was a little girl of about my age, named Rose. She and I were good friends right from the first, sitting together at school and going to visit each other whenever we could. One time she was at my house and we were playing “hide-and-go-seek.” It was my turn to hide—my dog Cuff always went with me to hide also. Rose got ahead of me and

expected to touch the goal first, but Cuff grabbed her by the leg and held her until I passed her and touched the goal. Poor Cuff took a deeper hold than he intended, I am sure, for he tore her leg very badly—so badly that it never healed well. She died when she was about sixteen, but not from this dog bite.

About this time my sister Frank married James W. Eller. They went to Fairmont to live as Mr. Eller was a practicing attorney at that place. Sister Frank was anxious that I should live with her and attend school at Fairmont. I was glad to do this, as I loved to be with her. Within a short time I was acquainted with the new teacher and scholars.

Our teacher, Mr. Swan, wanted to go to a near-by town called Geneva, the county seat, to attend the Teachers' Institute at that place. He invited a number of the scholars to go with him, and I was one of them. I was on the program to speak "The Polish Boy." I will read it to you.

## THE POLISH BOY

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill,  
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,  
Causing the creeping blood to chill  
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart  
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,  
And every string had voice apart  
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence come they? From yon temple, where  
An altar, raised for private prayer,  
Now forms the warrior's marble bed  
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw  
A holy luster o'er his brow,  
And burnish with their rays of light  
The mass of curls that gather bright  
Above the haughty brow and eye  
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press  
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,  
But meets no answering caress?  
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.

It is the hand of her whose cry  
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,  
When the dead warrior met her eye  
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow  
She murmurs forth her anguish now,  
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet  
Is heard along the bloody street.

Nearer and nearer yet they come,  
With clanking arms and noiseless drum,  
Now whispered curses, low and deep,  
Around the holy temple creep.

The gate is burst; a ruffian band  
Rush in and savagely demand,  
With brutal voice and oath profane,  
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,  
And to her bosom clasped her child;  
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,  
Shouted with fearful energy:

"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread  
Too near the body of my dead;  
Nor touch the living boy; I stand  
Between him and your lawless band.

Take me, and bind these arms, these hands  
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,  
And drag me to Siberia's wild  
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,  
Tearing the pale boy from her side;  
And in his ruffian grasp he bore  
His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!  
Will land or gold redeem my son?  
Take heritage, take name, take all,  
But leave him free from Russian thrall!  
Take these!" and her white arms and hands  
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,  
And tore from braids of long black hair  
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;  
Her cross of blazing rubies, last,  
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store;—  
Up springing from the marble floor,  
The Mother, with a cry of joy,  
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.

But no! the Russian's iron grasp  
Again undid the mother's clasp.  
Forward she fell, with one long cry  
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,  
And breaking from the Russian's hold  
He stands a giant in his strength,  
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.

Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,  
So blue, and yet so bright,  
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,  
So brilliant in its light.

His curling lip and crimson cheeks  
Fortell the thought before he speaks;  
With a full voice of proud command  
He turned upon the wondering band;

"Ye hold me not! no! nor can:  
This hour has made the boy a man.  
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,  
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;  
I wept upon his marble brow,  
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now  
My noble mother, on her knee,  
Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,  
And there like slumbering serpent's crest,  
The jeweled shaft of poniard bright  
Glittered a moment on the sight.

"Ha! Start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!  
Think ye my noble father's glaive  
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?  
The pearls that on the handle flame  
Would blush to rubies in their shame;  
The blade would quiver in thy breast  
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.  
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,  
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment and the funereal light  
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright:  
Another, and his young heart's blood  
Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.  
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,  
And on the air his clear voice rang:

"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!  
The choice was death or slavery.  
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!  
His freedom is forever won;

And now he waits one holy kiss  
To bear his father home in bliss;  
One last embrace, one blessing,—on  
To prove thou knowest, approvest, thy son.  
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel  
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?  
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!  
What! silent still? Then art thou dead?  
. . . Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I  
Rejoice with thee—and thus—to die."

One long deep breath, and his pale head  
Lay on his mother's bosom—dead.

—Anna S. Stephens

Well, as time went on, we were all growing older, and meeting new people from different parts of the U. S. A. One of our neighbors was from Maine—a family of four brothers and their mother. They all seemed to like the Hager family. Harry and Fred used to call quite often at our home. At last, Fred used to sit as near me as possible; but I did not enjoy his company—I was only fifteen. One evening the whole Hager family was invited to his house to enjoy the evening; and when it was time to go home, Fred asked if he might take me home with his horse and buggy. I looked at my mother to see what she thought about it, and she said, "Yes, Ida, go with him." (She liked Fred better than I did.) I went, and before we reached home, Fred had asked me to marry him. I had no *love* for him at all, but I knew from the way he had acted this was coming. I told him I had no love for him and that I was too young to think of marrying anyone; but he wanted my consent, for he said he loved me more than he could tell. My consent, however, was not given.

There was a new school house built in this new town of Exeter, and in this building we had Lyceum once a week; and all the people for miles around would come there to listen to the program and to visit with each other. The programs were quite fine, as we all thought; there was debating, singing, speaking, poems recited, and a paper gotten up by several, read. One evening I sang, "If I Were a Voice," and it seemed to charm this young man, J. W. Dolan, of whom I have spoken. He had a lumber yard in Exeter. I will repeat the words of this song:

### IF I WERE A VOICE

"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, that could travel the wide world through,

I would fly on the beams of the morning light, and speak to men with a gentle might, and tell them to be true.

I would fly, I would fly, over land and sea, wherever a human heart might be, telling a tale or singing a song,

In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong—

If I were a voice—if I were a voice.

"If I were a voice, a convincing voice, I'd fly on the wings of the air;

The home of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, and calm and truthful words I'd speak, to save them from despair.

I would fly, I would fly, o'er the crowded town, and drop like the happy sunlight down

Into the hearts of suffering men, and teach them to look up again—

If I were a voice—if I were a voice.

"If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd travel with the wind, and whenever I saw the nations

Torn by warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn, or hatred of their kind,

I would fly, I would fly, on the thunder crash and into their blinded bosoms flash

That ray of hope that cheers the mind, and leaves no trace of  
grief behind,  
If I were a voice—if I were a voice.

Within a short time, this young man, Mr. Dolan, was talking to me and sitting in the same seat with me whenever we would meet at these Lyceums. And within a very short time he bought a nice horse, and I think he borrowed a light wagon to use. He hitched this very nice horse to this wagon and drove out. The horse reared straight up and came down on the thill and cracked it—almost broke it in two; but he repaired it, then drove down to “Hagerville,” as my home was called, and asked me to take a ride with him. I went—our first ride—but it was not the last one. Soon after this, Mr. Dolan bought a new buggy—a very good one—and we had many, many rides together and became very good friends. After a short time, he asked me to marry him. I knew this was coming, but I hardly knew what to say or what I wanted to do; but I did say, “Please give me time to think”—for I loved him with all *my heart*. “Oh,” he said, “will it take very, very long ‘to think’ this over?” “Please give me a little time,” I replied. He was very nice, and said good night. Well, well, I thought and thought, and dreamed and thought. I should have talked to my mother or my father; but I kept quiet, and told no one.

The next day my brother Elias went to Exeter, and all the rest of the family but me were at Orson’s house for dinner. When Elias came home I had dinner ready for him. While we were eating and talking, I asked him whom he saw at Exeter. “Oh,” he said, “I have a letter for you—I almost forgot to give it to you.” I was “dee-lighted” to receive it—it was from Mr. Dolan,

and the most loving love-letter I had ever received, and it told me that he was coming that evening to see me and get his answer. Well, he came, and I met him at the door, I suppose with love showing in my eyes. We were lovers from that time on—to the end of time.

I went on to school—then after a time I went to Grinnell, Iowa, to school. While I was away from home, my dear old dog Cuff died. My people said he missed me so and he cried for me; and at last he went out to the pasture and died. Oh, I was so sad to know that my dear old dog Cuff was gone.

I came home from Grinnell, and then wanted to go to visit my cousins in Winnebago, Illinois. Mr. Dolan and I talked this all over. We thought it a very good plan for me to go on and have a nice visit with my uncle and aunt and many cousins; then in the fall, he would come and we would meet in Chicago, be married, and go to the Centennial at Philadelphia, after which we would go home together. But we did not let *anyone* know of our plans. Mr. Dolan was a Catholic, and I, a Protestant. His being a Catholic did not make any difference with me, but I knew it would with my people. He had asked my father and mother for me, and while my father liked Mr. Dolan very much and was willing for me to marry him, when I was older, my mother was not so well satisfied. I remember my brother Orson saying one day, "I don't like that man Dolan, and I don't think Ida should go with him"—and several other things that were not very pleasing. My father spoke up and said, "Now Orson, that will do. I think he is a very nice young man," and Orson said nothing more.

My father and mother decided I could go to Winnebago. My mother said I might meet some young man there I might like better than Mr. Dolan. So I was gotten ready and started on my journey. My cousins met me at the train, and took me to their home—a large house on a farm of one hundred or more acres. There was a large family of young folks, and I had a lovely time all summer with them. We had little parties every now and then, and a jolly good time *all* the time; and *every* day I received my love letter from Nebraska. My cousins thought it very queer I should receive a letter every day—but I said nothing and told them nothing of my love affairs. However, I was thinking and thinking—I wanted a nice wedding dress, and how was I to get it? I knew my lover would send me money if I could ask him for it—but I could not do that. My father had sent me money to come home with, but although that was not enough to buy what I wanted, I took it and bought some light gray poplin and made it into a dress myself. We could not buy patterns then, but I made it with my cousin's help. It was made in one-piece style, to fit my plump body, and buttoned in the back, with little covered buttons of the same material as the dress. I remember it was rather short in front, long in the back, and buttoned from the top to the bottom.

It was finished, and the fourth of October had come. My trunk was packed and I was ready to leave. My uncle and aunt and a lot of my cousins took me to the train. I remember my uncle had a fine, new spring wagon, having four seats with nice, high backs—and the seats were all filled with my uncle's family. After kissing them all goodbye I got on the train, about

eleven o'clock, and arrived in Chicago at three-thirty or four o'clock. I was to meet my lover, and we were to be married that evening. When the train stopped, I was very anxious to see my lover—yes, there he was—straight and tall. As I stepped off the train, he took me in his arms. We were together at last.

We went to the Tremont Hotel, as Mr. Dolan had rooms there. We were so glad to see each other, and had so much to talk about. We were to be married that evening, as Mr. Dolan had everything arranged. In a short time after supper, we went to our rooms and dressed in our wedding clothes. Mine was the wedding dress I had made at Aunt Cattie's home—with Cousin Ella's help (of course she did not know she was helping me to make my wedding dress—no one knew). Mr. Dolan's suit was a very nice black broadcloth, made by the tailor.

At last we were ready. Mr. Dolan ordered a carriage and driver. As our friend, Mr. Evans, happened to be in Chicago, we had asked him to go with us. We three went to the Bishop's home, and found that although the Bishop was not there, Father D. M. J. Dowling was there and ready to marry us—after reading the letter that Father Lechleitner of Exeter had written to the Bishop. So we were married, and our friend, Mr. Evans, was our only invited guest. Then we three went back to the hotel. When, after a short time, Mr. Evans left us, we went to our room and addressed our wedding announcements to our friends—all of whom we surprised, as we knew later.

In the morning, we started on our wedding trip. Our plans were, as I have said, to go to Philadelphia

to the Centennial Exposition, the one-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. We were in Philadelphia about two weeks, then on to New York City, Baltimore and Washington. While in Chicago we bought a Mason and Hamlin organ and had it shipped to Exeter. (This organ is still part of our home furniture.) Within a short time we were on our way home. We stopped in Chicago for our mail, as we had written to my people telling them all about everything, and I was anxious to know what they thought of us. My dear father's letter—oh, how I cried and cried, his letter was so pitifully written. My dear father! He and Mother were so sorry that I should be married away from home and not tell them anything about our plans. Well, I was sorry, too. It seems I had just commenced to think what a thoughtless daughter I had been—I was homesick for the first time.

The following morning we left Chicago for our home—Exeter, Nebraska. I think it took us about three days to reach there. It looked lonesome, as we got off the train, for there was no one to meet us. We had not written anyone when we expected to arrive home, so of course they did not know when to expect us. Well, we were there, and my husband went over to his barn and hitched his good, fine horse to the buggy, and we drove to my former home, four miles from Exeter. My people were all surprised and glad to see us, for I had been away from home all summer, and we had been on our wedding trip a month. My people forgave me for not telling them I was going to get married—so we were all happy together.



A. T. Hager

J. W. Dolan, 1876

J. W. Dolan, 1871

Mrs. Hager

Ida M. Hager Dolan, 1876

Mr. Dolan had a small house in Exeter—two rooms below and two above. It seems he had given this little home to me—had the deed made in my name before we were married; but I did not know anything about it at the time. Mr. Paine, who was working in the lumber yard for Mr. Dolan, helped me to get the little house in order to move into. We sewed our carpet together and put lots of clean straw on the floor under the carpet to make it nice and warm for winter; lace curtains at the windows, bed upstairs, a few chairs, two rockers, dishes, and so on; and oh, yes, our organ—when I would get lonesome I would play and sing, and that would soon cheer me up. I enjoyed cooking and keeping house. My husband told me I was a very good cook, and that pleased me—but I think he was easy to please.

Well, as time went on I was beginning to think about being a Catholic. My husband was a Catholic and I must be one. He got me a catechism and I commenced to study with his help. My people did not want me to be a Catholic, but my husband was—and we had talked it over. He could not be anything else, and it seemed to me the Catholic religion was all right—but the confession—that seemed terrible to me, but I thought it over and over, and a good priest talked to me about this, and my husband helped me all he could and I studied the catechism and so on—and after a time our first baby was born, June 20th, 1877. This seemed a terrible thing to me, but I got through—and there was our first baby boy—a lovely baby with dark hair and eyes. A Scotch woman, Mrs. Muir, who had worked for my mother before I was married, lived near us. It was nice to have her with me.

When the baby was a month old he was baptized James W. Dolan, the same as his father, and I was baptized also. I was baptized before, but in order to be sure it was done right, I was baptized again. I made my first confession—the Priest was very nice and helped me so much. So now I am a Catholic and I have a good beginning to mother my family. Jamie was a good baby and grew fast. Mrs. Muir was my helper. Jamie was dressed twice a day in long white dresses—it kept her busy washing and ironing. Will Taylor and wife were our good neighbors. We had always been friends before we were married. They were married just two months after we were.

Jamie was walking by this time, although he was only seventeen months old. One afternoon we were out riding. Mr. Dolan was driving and I was holding Jamie. We were going along beside a high bank of dirt when the horse shied and backed around against this bank and tipped the buggy over. I fell on the ground and Jamie was thrown under the horse's feet. It makes me shudder even now to think of it. I screamed, for I thought the horse would step on him—but he did not. I picked up Jamie as quickly as I could and soon we were all right, but fearfully frightened. That night I was very sick all night, but nothing happened—but the next night, November 5th, 1878, another baby boy was born. He was a nice little chap with dark hair, but blue eyes. We named him for his grandfathers—William Abram—William for Mr. Dolan's father, and Abram for my father. Jamie weighed six pounds when he was born, and William weighed eight pounds.

The boys were coming so fast, we had to build an addition on to the house. Mr. Dolan was in the lumber business and it was very convenient for him to build. Our little boys were growing fast, and many things were being done. Our little old town did not grow very rapidly, but the country was changing. Some people were going West—and some were coming from the East. Mr. Dolan had a notion of going to some other place and going into the banking business. At last he sold his lumber business and decided to go West.

After looking around for some little time, he decided on Indianola, Nebraska, so he went there in 1880 and bought a lot and built a bank building, and started the first banking business in Red Willow county. Then he bought 160 acres of land one mile west of Indianola and built our new home on the hillside—a very good home; had a well bored one hundred feet deep before they found water and the water was drawn up in a long bucket by hand.

Before the house was finished he came home to be with me, as we were expecting *another* baby, and we were expecting a *girl* this time *for* sure. Well, Mr. Dolan came home and waited a few days. There was some work on the house that needed his attention. One morning he said to me, “My dear, I feel I must go back—I will only stay a day—then I will come right back and stay with you until the baby comes and stay with you until you are all right.”

I said, “I want you—I need you—please stay.”

“The train doesn’t leave until four o’clock—we will see.”

About noon I knew the baby was coming, and at three o'clock the baby arrived, the 23rd of June, 1880—another boy—three boys now—well—well!

After I was getting a little better I heard some one call "Fire!" A large livery barn near our barn was on fire. Dolan was near me all the time. Mr. Paine came in and said, "Don't be afraid, Ida; if there is any danger of this house burning, I will come and carry you out—very carefully." The nurse, Mrs. Muir, had the new baby all dressed in good shape—under her apron, running around outdoors (23rd of June—warm weather). Well, the barn full of hay and some horses all burned, but our house was all right. They kept it wet, so the family and I were all right. We named this boy Francis Hager, for my sister.

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Within a few days Dolan left us for our new home in the West, to have it in good shape for us all, as I have said. He had decided to go into the banking business in this town of Indianola, one mile from where he had bought the land and built our new house. It was six weeks before the new house was ready for us—it seemed a long time to wait and take care of three babies. Of course I had help, but sometimes I was left alone. I remember one night I was all alone with the babies—part of the time I had one in the crib rocking him and the other two in my lap, trying to rock them to sleep. We all were crying part of the time.

When the baby was six weeks old we all were ready to start for our new home. Dolan met us at the train and took us to our new home on the hill, a mile from the town. It seems I was to be the farmer and Dolan the banker. Our home was very nice for that new country. I was delighted with it. Mr. Paine was there and our

household goods were in the house, and everything was coming along fine. John Dolan, my husband's brother, was living with us at that time—and he had driven our team of horses out to this new place. I was so glad to be in our new home; it was on high ground and we could see for miles around us. As evening came I watched the sun go down, then put our babies to bed—and soon we all went to bed—our first night in our new home. We woke up early—so glad to wake up in our new home. This was Sunday, but there was no church in that new part of the world, so we said our prayers—had breakfast—then all at once we saw a big blaze, right near us—so near it seemed that our new home was going to burn right before our eyes. How fearful—it seemed some lumber had been left there and it was partly covered with dirt. How it took fire we never knew, but it was blazing at a fearful rate. There was *one pail* of water near the well—and John saw it and threw this *one pail* of water right onto this fire—just right, and down the blaze went. Then the men threw on more dirt and put it all out. It seems fire was after us, as you will see later.

Our well, as I have explained, was one hundred feet deep, and it took quite a while to draw one pail of water. Well, the fire was out and we all were very thankful.

We commenced to plant trees—we were so anxious to have a little shade—but so many did not live. A man came along with a load of pine trees, and Dolan bought all the load and the man unloaded them, and Dolan left the next day, for a few days, on business, but did not tell any of us where to plant them. I knew they must be planted or they would dry up and die, so

I told the man where to plant them and they were all planted. Dolan came home, and they were *not* planted where he wanted them, so all had to come up and be planted over. It is too bad to tell it—but they all died except one (and that one is living still—forty years since it was planted).

The fall was very nice and the winter was not very cold. Dolan drove to the bank in the morning and back for lunch. Spring was here, and at one time Dolan had several men pulling up “wild sweet clover” that was growing in our field. They all seemed to think it was something fearful and expected it to do lots of damage. The summer was very hot and dry—terribly hot. About eleven o’clock I would hang wet sheets over the open windows and doors to cool the air as it would pass through. This did very well, but kept me busy keeping the sheets wet—too hot weather to do much.

Our little boys, Jamie, Willie and Frank, were very well, and busy playing in the house to keep out of the heat. We had fearful wind storms almost every night, I was afraid the house would blow over. Then Dolan had a cyclone cellar built. We had a good floor in it and heavy board ceiling, so that if the house would blow off we would be protected. I put two good beds down there and other things that were necessary for our use—and so many nights the wind would commence to blow fearfully and the clouds would be so black it would look like a terrible cyclone was coming. We would carry our little family down cellar, and wait and listen, but the house was built good and strong (and it never blew away).

Well, I did not like that country very much—but we were there—160 acres of land bought and a very

good house built on it—and a *very good* bank building in the town; so we just had to stay. The hot summer was gone, and fall was of course cooler, and we had a little rain.

One day I drove down town and when I came home I went into my room and saw my jewelry box open on a chair near the open window. I looked into the box and there was nothing in it—then I commenced to look around for my jewelry. I soon found out my little boys, or boy, had had this box and thrown everything out of the window into a mud puddle, so I had a great time finding my jewels—but I got them all after a time.

I had a good woman working for me then, as I was expecting another baby in November. Of course I was expecting a girl for sure this time. I was sewing and doing so many things getting ready for our little girl. November 7th, 1881, came at last—election day—another boy was born. He was a darling, of course, and I loved him just as the others (but I wanted a little girl). Now, we had four little boys—all fine. This little fellow had dark red hair and brown eyes. He was a little fellow, weighed six pounds, but grew fast and was soon creeping all over the house. All four little boys were growing—summer hot and dry—Dolan buying land now and then—business growing slowly.

Mr. Dolan was the owner of the only bank in town. He was elected State Senator in 1883 and went to Lincoln, Nebraska. That winter he came home once in two weeks—tired—and was glad to get a rest before returning. I was trying to do my best with my four little boys. I had a maid and two hired men, to oversee. The winter was long and cold—no society of any

sort—a little company now and then. I was very lonely at times—very often at night I would be afraid. I slept with a revolver under my pillow. One night, or early morning, the maid came to my bedroom and said, “Mrs. Dolan, someone is knocking on the kitchen door.” I went to the door with the revolver in my hand and said, “Who is there?” No answer. I said again, “Who is there?”—I said several times “Who is there?” but no answer. A thought came to me—it might be some of Katie’s relations. I asked her to ask who was there in German, as she was German, so she did, and the answer came back in German, “I am your father.” Well, I was relieved and went back to bed and left Katie to visit with her father.

As time went on the country was growing somewhat better. We had Mass said once a month for three years in our home. I would make an altar in the parlor, in front of the large bookcase. Father Rhuler came to our home from Red Cloud the night before. Some times the train was very late in getting into our town, then Mr. Dolan would have a good careful horse waiting for the good Priest at the livery stable. The Priest understood how it was, and would ride the horse out. The next morning he would say Mass, and all the Catholics around would come to Mass. Our baby boy was baptized at one of these masses, “Joseph Clarence Dolan.”

One time I was attending Mass, I had a young girl working for me and she was not a Catholic. I asked her to look after the roast I had in the oven baking for dinner, and to see that the little boys were not into mischief. When Mass was over I went into the kitchen to see how everything was, and Oh!—the fire was out,

and bread crumbs scattered all over the floor. The boys were hungry and had to have something to eat, so took the soft part of the bread loaf. Just then Papa came into the kitchen to tell me he had invited some young people from St. Louis to stay for dinner. I thought of the situation—and what kind of a dinner could I get. I almost fainted into his arms, and he said, “Oh! I wish I had not asked them.” I told him how everything was, but I would try and do my best—so I did. I took the roast out of the oven and sliced it the best I could, and fried it, made biscuits and several other things, and cleaned my kitchen floor. Our kitchen and dining room were the same. Well, we had some kind of a dinner for the ten or twelve people, and I lived through it. We had no bakers or any help of that sort in our little town, which was a mile away. After dinner—sometime—the people were all gone, our church altar put away and the home in order.

In a short time a new Catholic church was built in our town, and we had Mass every Sunday, as we had a Priest living there. We soon had a new organ and I played and sang in the new church for several years. In 1885 Dolan was elected State Senator again, and when he went to Lincoln he took his family with him—four little boys. We rented a furnished home and took our maid. I didn’t know anyone there, so went out very little. I was expecting another baby in May—another boy I supposed—but I had had quite a rest, for our baby Clarence was almost four years old.

We came home in the spring, and found the home still there. We had left two men there that were

working the farm for us. The house was not in very good order, but we were glad to be at home. Our garden was planted, but there was not much rain so it did not amount to very much.

The 20th of May came, and our baby was born—and what do you think! a little golden-haired girl had come to live with us at last. We were delighted. Papa was so glad—I did not know he loved little girl babies so much. Within a short time I was up and going about the house. The little boys were so glad to have a little sister.

One Sunday Michael Morris came to be with us for dinner. Jamie was very anxious for him to see the new baby sister, and he asked me if he might take the little baby and put her in Mike's lap. I told him to ask Mike if he would like to see her. Jamie asked him and he said, "Oh, yes, I am very anxious to see her," so Jamie took her in his arms and put her in Mike's lap. They had a good time looking her over and talking all about her. We soon had her baptized and named the same name as her mother, "Ida Mary."

Jamie was a good little fellow, and anxious to make money. He wanted to be paid for rocking Ida. I offered him five cents an hour. He was delighted with that and wanted to rock her all the time, but after awhile she objected to that. She was grownig nicely and would soon be a year old—and what do you think! the 6th of May another baby girl was born. She was a darling, too—had long brown hair, sweet little face, blue eyes. We named her Clarissa Catherine, for both of her grandmothers.

When our neighbors heard there was another baby at our home, they could not believe it. Dolan told my

brother Pen as he came into the bank that morning. Dolan said, "We have another girl this morning," and my brother said, "Is that so?" He thought Dolan meant another maid, or "hired girl," as we used to call them. When he went home he told his wife, Eva, that Dolan had told him that morning that they had another girl—"I suppose another maid, but I don't know—how old is Little Ida?" They had quite a time thinking about it and decided to come and see. They lived about fifteen miles from our home, and the roads that spring were not very good, so we did not visit each other very often. No wonder they could not understand it—I could hardly understand it myself.

Clarissa was a good little baby. She wanted to lie close to me. She showed right from the first she loved me. Ida was a baby also. She could not walk when Clarissa was born, and I had to have a maid to care for her, but we got on just fine.

When Clarissa was a month old it was necessary for me to go down town. I always drove my good horse Pet. John Dolan was living with us at that time, and I asked him to hitch up Pet for me. He said, "All right I will, if she will let me." When I was ready I looked out to see how John was getting along, and there I saw him having trouble with Pet. He had the harness on her, but he could not get her into the thills. She was dragging him around, as he was hanging onto her and kicking her in the side. I went out and said, "Oh! John, what is the trouble?"

He said, "This is the darndest horse that ever lived—if she was mine I would kill her."

I went up to her and said, "Let me have her." Then I patted her and talked to her and said, "Come

now, Pet, I will hitch you up—and John, you stand back.” He did, and we had no more trouble, and I drove down town.

In a short time I came home and drove out to the barn, and our hired man took Pet. Just then the four little boys, Jamie, Willie, Frank and Clarence, were coming in from the pasture with their little wagon, and I saw in the wagon a skillet and a can of lard and a dish of salt. I said, “Oh! boys, where have you been, and what have you been doing?”

They looked confused, and Jamie said, “Oh! Mamma, we—we—killed my little chicken and fried it—and ate it all up.”

“That nice little chicken that Mr. Carmichel gave you?”

“Yes, Mamma.”

“Oh! I think that was too bad—that was such a nice little chicken.”

I thought no more about it, but as I was going into the house I went around to the front door, and as I was going up the steps there sat Jamie’s little pet chicken that he had just told me he had killed—and fried—and that all four boys had eaten!

Oh! I was so surprised and felt so bad that Jamie had told me a lie. I said to myself, “I must do something that they will never forget.” I called them all in—the four little fellows came in, one behind the other. I had them sit down—they all looked at me with tears in their eyes. I said, “Jamie, you have told me a story—a lie—you did not kill your little black chicken. It was sitting here by the steps as I came into the house, so I knew you told your mother a lie—now tell me the truth.”

He said, "Oh! Mamma, I will—it was Mr. Carmichael's old hen and seven little chickens."

"Oh! boys, why did you do that?"

They all answered me, "Oh! Mamma, she was a mean old thing—she was always in our garden and everything."

"But you boys had no right to catch her, then kill her and eat her—this is terrible. Do you know, Mr. Carmichael can put you in jail—Oh! what shall we do?"

They were all crying and I was crying too. Then Jamie said, "Oh! Mamma, hang me and have it done with."

"Oh, Jamie, please don't say that—let us all go over to Mr. Carmichael's and tell him about it, then we will ask him to please forgive us, and see what he will do about it."

I put on my sunbonnet and we all went over together—all crying. I rapped on Mr. Carmichael's door and he came to the door. I said, "Oh! Mr. Carmichael, I have something terrible to tell you. Here are my four little sons; they stole your hen and seven little chickens; killed them and fried them, and ate them all up. Now what will you do with them? Please do the best you can for them."

He looked very cross and said, "Now, boys, if you will promise me that you will never do this again, I won't send you to jail, but I will let you pay for this hen and chickens."

I said, "Oh! thank you, Mr. Carmichael. Please give them a little time, for they must earn the money. How much will it be?"

He said, "Two dollars—fifty cents for each."



Paul



Jamie, Clarence, Frank, Will



Leo L.

We thanked him and went home, very happy, for my little boys were not going to jail. I said, "Oh! boys, I am so thankful, oh, so thankful—that you are not going to jail."

Frank spoke up and said, "Yes, I just thought we all would have to go to jail and sleep on an iron bed for forty years—I tell you I am thankful."

"Now, boys," I said, "I think the best way for you all to earn this money is to hoe weeds," (there were plenty of weeds to work on). "I will get each one a hoe, and mark out the ground, and when you have hoed ten feet square, I will pay you five cents." I gave each one an envelope with their names on it, so they could take good care of their money. They all worked good right from the start, except Willie—he came to me and said, "Now, Mamma, I don't think I ought to help pay for those chickens. I was not there when they killed them—I was down town getting my hair cut, and when I came home I couldn't find the boys, and I asked Katie and she said they were in the pasture. I went out there and they were frying the chickens, and when they were ready to eat I just ate some—that was all."

"Well," I said, "Willie, you just ate some, you were with them, I think you better help them pay for them."

He said no more, and hoed on, and after a week or a little more they all had fifty cents in their envelopes. They were so glad the hoeing was done. Then they all took their envelopes over to Mr. Carmichael. They said they would never steal any more chickens or anything, all their lives. I was very anxious that they would never forget.

It was vacation time now. My sister Frank was living in Omaha. She was older than I, and I loved her, and I wanted to see her, and I was thinking of making her a visit. I said to Dolan, "Say, my dear, I want to go to Omaha—I am so anxious to make Frank a visit."

He said, "I don't see how you can go—you know you have two babies to take care of—Ida can't walk yet, how can you manage it?"

"Jamie can go with me," I said, "he is a good little helper."

"All right, my dear, if you can manage it, you can go—and the rest of us here at home will get along all right."

I had a real good German girl working for me, but I did not think I could leave Ida with her. I commenced to think about getting ready, and it took lots of work to get two babies ready, and Jamie and myself. Well, I did it and soon we were there.

Sister Frank had a very nice large home and a very nice large green lawn. I thought the lawn was lovely and we lived out there as much as possible. I enjoyed it all so much with Sister and her large family of children. Jamie was such a good little helper—I was proud of him. Ida, with her golden head of curls, was a darling, but she could not walk yet—and our little baby Clarissa was so sweet and good. We all were enjoying the visit, and I was so glad I was there.

One morning we were all at the breakfast table enjoying our breakfast and having a good jolly time laughing and talking, when all of a sudden I heard a "voice" distinctly say to me, "You better go home." I looked around expecting to see someone, but no one was

there. I looked at Sister Frank, wondering if she had heard the "voice," but I could see she had not. I was so startled—why did that "voice" say, "You better go home" to me? What could I do? I wondered if anything terrible had happened at home. I thought I would tell Sister Frank, and ask her what I should do. Then I thought—no, I won't tell her anything about it for I know she will laugh at me, and perhaps think I am losing my mind. But I decided *then* and *there* to go home that day, if possible. This all happened within a few minutes. As we were all leaving the table I said to Sister, "Oh! Frank, I have decided to go home to-day."

She looked at me in astonishment and said, "Oh, Ida, what has happened?"

I did not know what to tell her of this "voice," so I said, "I have been thinking of the little boys, and I have had a nice visit—now I had better go home, and go today."

"Oh! yes, I know," she said, "but don't rush off—stay at least a few days longer."

"No, my dear, I must go tonight."

"Now, Ida," she said, "I am afraid some of my children have done or said something that they shouldn't—you have decided so quickly. I am afraid something has happened to hurry you off."

"No, my dear, everyone has been lovely to me and my children, and I have had a wonderfully good time, and I thank you with all my heart—please get the paper and see when the first train leaves that will take me home."



Florence



Ida and Clarissa



Marie

Well, she looked at me astonished, but she got the paper and found that the train I must take left that evening at eight o'clock.

As soon as possible I commenced to rush around, and got my babies' little washing on the line to dry, and sent for my big washing that was done several blocks away. I worked hard and fast, and all helped me, and at last we parted.

Jamie and my two babies, Ida and Clarissa, and myself were on the train going home. I was thinking all the time, "Why did that 'voice' tell me to go home? Oh! I hope nothing terrible has happened." I had sent Papa a telegram that I would be home in the morning. We lived a mile from town, so of course I was very anxious for him to be at the station. Well, we were there at last, and when we got off the train, there Papa was. Oh! I was so glad to see him, and he looked all right and happy to see us. The first thing I said to him after giving him a good hearty kiss was, "Are you and the little boys all right?"

"Why yes, my dear, we are all right, and everything is all right—why did you come home sooner than you planned?"

"Oh!" I said, "I am so glad you and the little boys are all right, but I thought I had better come home."

"Did you get homesick?"

"Oh! no, I had a lovely time. The babies were so good, and Jamie was a darling to help me—no, everything was lovely."

This was about all that was said on the way home. We were soon there. Willie, Frank and Clarence were right there, and so glad to see Mamma, and Mamma so glad to see them—all right and well. We had a

good loving time, hugging and kissing. Everything was all right it seemed—now, why did that “voice” tell me to go home? It surely told me to go home—and I was there. I told no one about this “voice”—I was afraid to tell anyone. I thought whoever I told *might* think I was losing my mind—I thought I must keep quiet, as I was doing.

We had breakfast, then I bathed my babies and put them to bed; they were soon asleep. All of the little boys had gone over to Carmichael’s, to look at the men at work, boring a new well. I was tired and went to bed for a short nap, and was soon asleep, for I was tired—just exhausted.

Within a few minutes Jamie came into my room crying, and said, “Oh! Mamma, come quick, Frank’s hand is all mashed to pieces—he got it into the cog-wheels of the well borer.”

I jumped up—I knew *then* why that “voice” told me to come home. I was home, thank God! I ran out doors, and toward the well where they were working. There was a wire fence between our home and this well. I was running, so jumped over this fence without any trouble, and was soon with my dear little boy Frank. He was sitting on the ground crying. One of the men had tied his handkerchief over his hand. I could not see then how bad it was, but the man that had seen it, told me. As they were winding up the rope that was on the cogwheel, Frank had his hands on the rope and had his left hand too near the cogwheel and it caught his hand and it rolled in between the big cog-wheels and mashed the fingers and the whole hand. Instead of taking the wheels apart in order to get his hand out, they ran the cogwheels back over his hand

and mashed it again. Well, I knew then why I was told to come home—thank God I was there! I asked one of the men to take Frank and me in his buggy to the doctor's office. We were a little more than a mile from the doctor's office, but were soon there. I was so thankful to find the doctor in. I told him of this terrible accident and he looked at Frank's hand—that was a hand one hour ago, but now a mass of flesh and bones.

After looking it all over very carefully, the doctor said, "Mrs. Dolan, I think all I can do now is to take that hand off good and clean."

"Oh! Doctor," I said, "I can't let you do that. I can see that the middle finger will have to go, but save the rest of his hand."

But the doctor said, "I don't think it can be done."

"But Doctor, you must try," I said.

He looked it over and over, and at last he said, "I will try."

"You must, Doctor," I said, "and I will take care of it every minute all summer."

At last the doctor went to work and took off the middle finger—that had been a finger—ground into bits of flesh and bone, into the middle of his hand. His whole hand was a mass of torn flesh. The little fellow was quiet and stood all of the pain wonderfully well. After the doctor was all through he said, "Now, Mrs. Dolan, I have done my very best, but I think that hand will have to be taken off yet—but we will see. I will give you a syringe and some bichloride tablets to put into all the water that you use to wash this hand with, and we will wait and see."

I was so thankful that the doctor did as I wanted him to do. I suppose if I had not been there the hand

would have been taken off. This wonderful "voice" knew that also, and told me to come home to see to it all.

Well, I was determined to do my best—I was alone, for Dolan had left home just a few minutes before this on business. When he came home we told him all, and he thought I did so well not to let the doctor take the hand off. I took care of that hand all summer. Several times a day I would wash the matter out and off of the hand and put a clean bandage on it. Frank would come into the house several times a day with the bandage almost off. One time he came in and said, "Oh! Mamma, look!" There he had a long straw putting it through his hand—that sore hand. Of course the hand was healing, but there was a little place in the middle of it that seemed to be open and took longer to heal. I was afraid it would not heal just right, but it all did just fine, and that hand is a very good one.

Well, as time goes on many things happen. Our four little boys going to school, and our two little girls, lovely and sweet. It was almost Christmas time and I was thinking of getting dolls to dress for them—and so many things to do. All the children believed in Santa Claus and expected a wonderful time. Papa and Mamma were thinking of many things to do. We would like to have a Christmas tree, but they were so hard to get. We decided at last—I would play Santa Claus. I bought a false face and dressed up in Otis' clothes and his fur overcoat, (Otis was the man that was working for us) and had a rope tied around me and a basket filled with Christmas presents. At last

I was all ready. Without the children knowing anything about it, I came down stairs and went out of doors and around to the front door. I rapped good and loud. Mr. Dolan came to the door and opened it, and said (very loud), "Good evening, Santa Claus." The children all jumped up, and were so surprised to see Santa Claus.

I went in playing a mouth organ, and said, "Merry Christmas to you all. I had a letter a few weeks ago from your Mamma and Papa telling me how good—and I am sorry to say it—how bad—you all have been, but at last I decided to come, and I put what I could in this big sack—my reindeers are outside waiting for me—so I must hurry. Let me think—Jamie come here—a sled, skates, a warm overcoat, a sack of candy. Willie, you next—a mouth organ, a train of cars, a bright red neck scarf and red cap, and a sack of candy. Frank, boy, where are you? Oh! here you are—some nice warm mittens to keep that hand warm that was hurt so terribly, a sleigh, overcoat, and a little dog that you can take to bed every night, and a sack of candy. Oh! who is this little fellow—Clarence did you say? Oh! yes—his rocking horse is out in the hall—that is right, bring it in. I knew you would like it—some new shoes and a lovely sack of candy. Oh! how nice. And the dear little girls—Ida and Clarissa, did you say? Aren't they lovely—Ida with her golden curls and Clarissa with her long brown hair and blue eyes, just sparkling—looking at Santa Claus. Here, Ida, is this lovely dolly, and little cradle and rocking chair, and a nice sack of candy. And Clarissa, little girlie, see, this is for you—just like Ida's, everything. Oh! how lovely. Now, I must go—now remember and be good, and help

your Papa and Mamma in every way, and if you all are good I will come back again next Christmas, so bye-bye."

I went out of doors, and came back in the hall and ran upstairs, took off Otis' fur overcoat, pants and boots, and dressed myself as quickly as possible and went in with the children and Papa. They had been so excited looking at Santa Claus and receiving their Christmas presents that they had not missed Mamma. They were so busy looking at and talking about everything. At last Jamie said, "Oh! Mamma, I am so tired—let's go to bed." I said, "All right—put everything away all nice, and tomorrow you can have a fine time." They had quite a time deciding where to put the presents, but at last everything was put away, and they soon had their night gowns on and prayers all said—all ready for bed.

The next morning all were downstairs early, to look over everything, and to go to church, for it was Sunday. Four little boys and two little girls to get ready.

I sang in the church every Sunday for about twenty years. It seemed we were all busy—time was going on and we all were growing older. Summer was almost here. Nearly every Sunday afternoon Papa would like to drive in the country—for miles nothing to see but land, but Papa loved to look at land—and at one time he owned ten thousand acres. That sounds like an awful lot, and it was. But all the land at that time was very cheap. We would like to take the children with us, but looking at land was not much fun for them, and they would rather stay around home.

One Sunday Papa and I had been out and were coming home and we met Bob Fisher, riding one of our

horses very fast. When he rode up beside us he called out, oh! so loud, "Oh! Mr. Dolan, Clarence bit a snake."

We knew from what he said that Clarence had been bitten by a rattlesnake. We were not far from home and we drove on as fast as possible, and I was thinking—what can I do? As we drove in little Clarence was sitting on the ground by the barn, crying. I jumped out of the buggy and ran to him and looked at his foot. There were two red marks on the top of his foot near the toes. I told the hired man to get a chicken, quick, and chop its head off—then I tore the chicken open and put Clarence's foot into the chicken and held it there for ten or fifteen minutes, or until Dr. Curfman came. I am sure by putting his foot into this chicken that it drew out quite a little of the poison, for I noticed a lot of the green poison inside of the chicken. Doctor Curfman was soon there; we undressed Clarence and put him to bed, and the Doctor said to give him one teaspoonful of whisky every hour. Well, we did this, then Papa got to thinking about it, after the doctor left, and said, "I don't believe a teaspoonful of whisky is enough—let us give him more," and we did. But his foot commenced to swell, then his leg, and turned black and blue, red and green, going up the leg into his body, and up to his shoulder. He was sleepy, or stupid, and would wake up every few minutes and say, "Oh! Mamma, do you think I am going to die?" And I would say, "Oh! no, my dear little boy, I will ask our Dear Father in Heaven to save you." We all were so anxious to do something for him, but it seemed there was so little to do. Oh! we all were so anxious, for he was so very sick, but within a few days

he commenced to get better. He was a little fellow and we were afraid this snake bite and all the suffering would check his growth, but after he commenced to get better he was soon well and seemed as bright as ever, and as time went on, it was soon forgotten.

But other things were happening. About this time Willie came up behind the man that was chopping wood, and he hit Willie on the forehead near the eye with the ax, and the blood flew. I heard Willie scream, and I was beside him within a minute or two. I could see that his eye was all right—the cut was across the eyebrow—but the blood was gushing out. Papa happened to be at home, so he took him right down town to the doctor, and the doctor took two stitches in it.

Within a short time Willie was all right, and then Jamie had an accident. He was walking on top of the school seats and stepped off, and down he went and hit the side of his face on the edge of the desk and cut it badly. He came running home to me, with blood all over his face. I washed him good and sent for the doctor, who was there within a few minutes, and he decided to take two stitches in this cut. The doctor got out his needle and thread, and was getting ready, and his hands trembled so that it seemed almost impossible for him to take two stitches in Jamie's face; and I said, "Oh! Doctor, let me do that." He handed the needle and thread to me, and seemed glad that I had offered to do it. I was surprised, but I took it and separated the silk thread, and picked out a finer needle and got everything ready, then I took two stitches and tied the thread into a flat knot, as the doctor told me to, and it was all done just fine. The doctor praised me

very much and we got through in fine shape. It soon healed without any trouble.

As I said, many things were happening, and it was about time we had another boy—and we had one November 8th, 1886. He was a beautiful baby; had such pretty dark red hair, a lovely fat little chap—and good as gold. I nursed him but he did not gain any and when he was six weeks old he did not look as well as he did when he was born. I called Doctor Eskey and he came right out and looked him over. He said he looked fine and he could not find any trouble with him—but I was not satisfied. He looked to me as if he were not getting enough to eat and I decided I was going to feed him. I bought a new bottle and nipple and scalded it all good, and filled it with milk and water, a little sugar, and warmed it all well. He was so glad to get it and drank it all, then went to sleep and slept two hours. I was afraid perhaps he was dead—but far from that—when he woke up he was so sweet and happy. I had been starving him, and I did not know it. I did not nurse him any more and had no trouble with my breasts, and Baby Paul grew fine after that. He had been baptized “Paul Egan.” He was a darling baby boy and was so easy to take care of.

When Jamie was ten years old, Willie was almost nine, and Frank was nearly eight. We had been thinking of sending these three boys to the “Christian Brothers School,” at Denver. We thought this a good school to have them get started in while they were so young. I commenced to get them ready—it was impossible to get everything ready made. I made their underwear and nightgowns of red flannel, with legs and feet, buttoned in the back. They were very warm

—in or out of bed. At last I had the boys all ready to start. Papa and I went with them to Denver and as soon as we got there we got a man with very good horses and heavy carriage to take us out to the school—it was five miles or more from Denver. At last we were there. It looked lonesome to me to leave my three little boys that never had been away all night from home. All the teachers were men or Priests. After looking everything over and getting the boys' room, and everything arranged, we were ready to say goodbye and go back to Denver. We kissed the little fellows goodbye and we were driving off. Frank ran after us and grabbed the wheel of the carriage, and cried, "Oh! Mamma, Oh! Mamma, don't leave me—Oh! Mamma, kiss me once more." The driver stopped and I got out and kissed him over and over. I commenced to cry too; I was so sorry to leave them. Within a few minutes he gave up, and walked back with the good Priest, and we drove on to Denver. We went to the hotel and stayed until morning.

That night I was so homesick for my three little boys—I cried and cried—and Papa was lonesome too. We talked and cried together. After a little while Papa wanted to take a walk. He went out but was not gone long before he came back and handed me a package. I opened it, and there were two pairs of lovely black silk hose. They were the finest I had ever seen (or I have ever seen, forty years after, and I have had a good many).

Well, I stopped crying for a time at least, and we went home in the morning to my beautiful baby Paul, and our little girls, Ida and Clarissa, and Clarence, the little man of the house. The house seemed so still and

rather lonely. I had two maids, so the children were well taken care of while I was away. I had one motherly woman—Mrs. Phillips—she was so good and kind. She worked for me four years. She liked boys so much, and told them stories, and the boys liked her.

In about two months Papa wanted me to go out to Denver and see if the little boys were all right—and I went, and took Clarence. I found them all right—at least it seemed so—and I came home the next day. The train got into Indianola before the sun was up. Papa was not expecting us to return so soon and was not at the train to meet us, and Clarence and I walked out home. As we were walking along we could hear the coyotes barking. Clarence was so afraid of them and hung to my hand good and tight, and would say, “Oh! Mamma, will they get us?”

I would tell him, “Oh! no, if they could see us they would run away and hide themselves.”

Then he would seem to feel better. We were home within a few minutes—the whole family was still in bed. I went to Papa’s room and he was so surprised to see me, and the first thing he said was, “Oh! Mamma, did you bring them—I mean the boys?”

“Why, Papa, of course not—you did not say one word about bringing them home when I left.”

He said, “I know I did not, but I was thinking and wishing you would.”

“Well they are getting on all right—it seems so anyway—and they are not homesick.”

We received their letters real often. Our home seemed so still, as Clarence was a quiet little fellow. After a time Papa traded a lot of land for a carload of Norman horses—Eastern horses. They were fine,

but it took lots of work to keep them nice, and one of these fine horses was snake-bitten, right on the nose. He was a fine big young horse. I made a big poultice of mud and put it right onto his nose. He seemed so glad to have me do something for him. I kept fresh mud on all day, and part of the next day. His nose and head swelled up fearfully, but after a time he commenced to get all right.

That spring Clarence wanted to do a little farming. He was such a little fellow we thought it funny, but there was a piece of ploughed land near the house and Papa said, "Now that will be a good piece of land for Clarence to work on," and he told the "hired man" to hitch up the big team and let Clarence harrow that piece, and it made us all laugh to see Clarence drive those fearfully big horses, but he enjoyed it.

The first year of school for the boys was over. We were not pleased with their school and had decided not to send them back. They were home now and anxious to be doing something. One day Papa and I drove to McCook, and when we came home that night Willie and Frank were not there, and did not come home that night. Every time I woke up I would get up to see if they were in their bed, but no—they did not come, and I was so anxious. It was summer time and the nights were short. Just as it was getting light I heard them. I rushed to meet them, and said, "Oh! boys, where have you been?"

Willie answered and said, "To Trenton."

"To Trenton—why did you go to Trenton?"

"Well, Mamma, I will tell you all about it. Mike O'Leary, Frank and I have been thinking for some little time of going to Denver, then go to the mountains

and herd sheep for some rich man. They say you can make lots of money that way, and we want to get rich; but we could not get to Denver—we three had only one dollar. We jumped on a freight train and hid in an empty car and thought we were all right, for the conductor did not come near this car, until we were leaving Trenton, then as the train was leaving the conductor came into the car and said, 'Say, boys, where are you going?'

"We told him, 'To Denver.'

"He said, 'How much money have you got to pay your way?'

"We told him, 'One dollar.'

"He said, 'Boys, that won't do—you will have to get off.'

"He motioned to the engineer to slow down, and he did, and we jumped off. We rolled down in the sand burrs and gravel, and got up and looked for each other and there we three were. Well we got together and talked, and spit the sand out, and talked and talked, and decided we better go back, and we walked back to Trenton—two miles—and decided to stay all night. Mike had a very good watch, and after talking over everything, we decided we had better get a loan on this watch. The boys told me to go and see. I hated to do it, but they would not go—I just had to go. I took Mike's watch to a jewelry store and told the man, or clerk, I wanted to borrow some money on this watch. He looked the watch over and over, then he said, 'I will let you have five dollars—now tell me, do you live here?'

"Then I told him all about it. I told him my father was a banker and my brother and I and another boy

had decided to run away, but we had changed our minds and were on our way home now. He gave me the five dollars and I was glad. The watch was a good one and I was so glad to get the five dollars. We went to a little cheap hotel and got a bed for fifty cents, and we three slept there all night, or part of the night, for we had to get up so early to take the train home. So, Papa and Mamma, that is about all, and here we are—we won't run off any more."

Yes, we did forgive them, for we were so glad to have them home—and Papa did not scold them much, and told them he would give them the five dollars to send to the jewelry man at Trenton for Mike's watch, but he said, "Now, boys, when you decide your home is not good enough for you, you come and tell me and I will give you some money and you can go off to stay—now remember."

But that was the last time I ever heard anything about their leaving home. Willie sent the money for Mike's watch and it came back, and the boys were so glad they were home, and decided then and there never to run away from home again.

When Paul was about two years old—just commencing to walk and talk—Papa and I decided to go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and spend the winter, and take all the children and our maid, Beth Buker. She had been working for me for some time and we all liked her. Otis, the man that had been working for us, would keep house and look after the stock and take good care of everything. So I got the children ready, and that was lots of work. Well, we got started—five boys and two girls and the maid—ten in the party. We had our lunch in a large lunch basket, and I must

say it was some lunch. We all enjoyed the trip; we were in the sleeper all way, and one time when the conductor came into the car we were the only ones in the car. He seemed surprised and said, "Well, well! is school just out?" That made us all laugh.

We arrived in Hot Springs all right, and we found a very good furnished house—very convenient to the city. Some of the children went to the Sisters' school. It rained so much of the time, just a gentle rain all night and most of the day. I was so glad to see and hear it rain, I had lived in a dry country so long. It was a pleasure to see the rain pour down, and the people worked out in it all the time. Papa stayed with us a short time, then he had to go back to Nebraska on business. The children had a good time going to school and looking the town over. Willie and Clarence sold papers for a short time.

One day there was a circus in town. It seemed Willie hired out to this circus, to be a wonderful man, without legs. They fixed him up some way to fool the people, then after it was all over with, the manager walked off without paying him, and he was very much disappointed and disgusted with the circus business.

One evening Jamie and I went to the colored people's church. Their singing was very good. The minister's sermon was "Lord have mercy." He was a great big black man. He would say, "Lord *have* mercy." Then the next time repeat, "Lord *have* mercy." Then they would sing a long time. Well, I enjoyed it all very much—it was a new thought for me.

Springtime had come, and I had been rather lonesome. Of course I was glad to have the change and see it rain as here it rained almost all the time. Brother

Orson lived at "Bear," about twenty-five miles from us, but the roads were so bad—so much mud—we did not get to see each other all winter. Papa came for us and we had to have a good big lunch, so we soon had that ready, then Beth baked a lot of ginger cakes. They were very nice and the children liked them so much, but there was no place in the lunch box for them. We put them in a clean flour sack, and Frank was to carry them, so he did—as he pleased—ate one whenever he felt like it, and that was quite often. We were all happy, for we were going home.

After a day or two we were at our town. Otis met us at the train and we were all at home within a few minutes. Our home was not very clean—wind blowing dust all winter, but we did not complain. In a few days Jamie commenced to get sick and within a short time we found out he had measles. I bathed him and kept him in bed all good and warm. He broke out very well and soon was up and almost well, but within a few days all the other children commenced to be sick. It was just terrible—*all* at once, six of them. All in bed at the same time—well, I did have some time of it—no nurse to help me; but I must tell you—Will Eller (Aunt Frank's husband) came to our house to help Papa what he could to prevent McCook from taking the county seat from Indianola, so he helped me what he could with my measly children. I put the boiler on the stove and filled it with water and ear corn, and when the corn got hot I wrapped each ear in paper and put this around each one of the children to make them sweat, and it did within a short time, then soon the measles broke all out fine. Frank had the earache. I put a little chloroform on a piece of cotton and put

this into his ear. This stopped the earache but burned his ear—then he would call, “More milk” so every few minutes he would call, “Mamma, more milk,” and I would put cold milk into his ear. Well, we had quite a time of it, but they all got over the measles in fine shape, but Paul. He broke out well, but within a short time he was very sick. We had the doctor but he did not seem to know what caused the trouble—but he was soon better.

One day I had to go down town after a lot of groceries. The maid went with me. The horse I drove was a new one, but he seemed all right and I was used to driving any horse. As I was driving through some tall weeds a cow raised up. This frightened the horse and he jumped and started to run to one side of the road and ran through the wire fence. The wires were old so I suppose they were easy to break. The lines were buckled together, but somehow they came apart and I dropped one and the horse was running and leaping with fright. I said to the maid, “Don’t jump,” as she was getting ready to leap. I hung on to this one line and talking to the horse said over and over, “Whoa! Whoa!” and do you know, that horse did stop, trembling all over. I got out and went to his head and rubbed his nose and patted him. Oh! I was so thankful, and he seemed to know it. I got the lines and buckled them together, got into the buggy and drove back through the weeds we came through. The horse was terribly nervous and ready to jump and run, but I held him with all my might and drove on down to the bank. Papa was not there, and I asked Carl Korns to drive back past this place where the horse seemed so frightened, and he

did that for me, and it was a good thing he did, for the horse was very hard to hold when we came to that place, but after we passed the spot he calmed down and Carl left us then and we drove on home.

I was very nervous, but I just had to calm down and get ready to receive another baby. Just a week after this she arrived, August 7, 1891. A very nice, sweet, loving little girl, with golden hair and blue eyes. She was the third girl. We did not know what to name her. Papa said, "Mamma, you name her," so I decided on just "Marie Dolan." I remember saying, "I hope she will like her name." She was a good baby, and her brothers and sisters were old enough now to help take care of her, and they did.

We still have the organ that Papa gave me when we were married. I had always enjoyed it so much. Now Willie and Clarissa commenced to play a little. I told Willie if he would take lessons and practice real well I would give him five dollars. So he commenced and got to liking it so well that I did not have to bribe him any more. Then after a time we bought a new piano, then Ida and Clarissa commenced to take lessons. Ida worked hard but did not get along very well. It seemed easier for Clarissa and she went on very well. Jamie or Frank did not try, or want to bother with music. Clarence seemed to like music and could sing very well, but did not like to practice, so he did not get music in his education.

We had eight children, and I thought we ought to enlarge our house. We really needed more room. Papa let me make the plans and we got Mr. Thomas to do the work, and there was a lot of work to do, and it was hard to live in a house where partitions were

being torn out and rooms being built on. It took all summer, but at last it was finished and we all were delighted. Our living room was 25 x 30, with a lovely large fireplace, and *that* was so nice for fall weather, and when it got very cold we had a big base burner and kept it good and hot day and night. The children would come in the very cold mornings with their clothes in their arms and dress by this stove.

Jamie was not very well. We did all we could for him and at last Papa took him East and had him examined by some of the best doctors and he was given medicine as these doctors prescribed, but he did not get very much better. Papa and I thought smoking so many cigarettes at the Denver school brought on this sickness, because after he had been to this school one term and told us how many he would smoke at one time—it was fearful. We had not sent him back to this school, and this was the reason. He had never had one of these spells before he went to this school. I never knew of any of my relations having sickness of this kind. Jamie had a good disposition and he was a good little worker, and wanted to be well so he could do things for us.

Marie did not grow very well and I decided to rub cod liver oil into her flesh. Every morning after I bathed her I would rub this oil into her stomach, and it seemed to go in so quickly and within a few days she commenced to look better, and I did not miss a day—she had these oil rubs every day for several weeks and she was sweet as peaches—just lovely, so “Thank you, cod liver oil.”

Well, time was going on, and many things happening, but I was trying to do my best for my husband and

our children, but of course I have made many mistakes, and now I am writing this for my children and grandchildren to read after I am gone. "Please, dear Father in Heaven, help me to know the right from wrong, and please forgive my mistakes."

One forenoon I was busy with my work, but I happened to look out the window and I saw a wonderful sight. I looked and looked again. Papa was sitting there reading—I called to him to come quick and see. He came to the door and we stood together looking, and there came my father and mother driving up to our home in their own carriage. We were so surprised—it seemed they had dropped from Heaven. We had no idea they were coming and we were so delighted. They stayed two or three weeks and we enjoyed it all so much.

As time went on our country was getting a very little better. The summer was very hot. We had our church, and Priest living near the church; had catechism for the children almost every Saturday afternoon. Sometimes the Priest would be so disgusted with the children, because they knew so little—of course we parents were to blame for this. I knew I never was a good teacher. Our children were very good to go to church and catechism—never gave us any trouble in regard to this.

After a time Willie took my place playing the organ, and played for several years.

1895, the Fourth of July, and we must do something to celebrate the day. The boys had new suits and they wanted to go some place, so they decided on Danbury. Papa had given each one five dollars to

buy firecrackers and other fireworks with. That was quite a good deal of money for those days, and the boys were delighted. Papa wanted to go to one of his farms on the willow and mow a small piece of alfalfa. He drove the mower and I drove our good carriage and took our three little girls, Ida, Clarissa and Marie, and a very good lunch. But Oh! the mosquitoes were fearfully bad and it was so hot—but we thought we had a lovely time. We had had a little trip, but we were glad to get home, to our nice big, clean, cool home. Our maid had been cleaning house all day and everything was in order. And the boys had a good time, too, but they were glad to get home. We were all at home, and so glad we had such a good cool, clean, convenient home.

I was expecting another baby within a month, and had all the baby clothes ready in a trunk in my closet down stairs. We had eight beds in use all the time. I had been making sheets and had fifty pair, and had made the little girls a lot of summer clothes and they had new shoes and stockings and new underclothes, which were all upstairs in their closet. It was so hot they were only wearing their underclothes and a very thin dress—hardly any clothes at all. I had been working so hard trying to get everything in order. It seemed I was getting ready to leave, or die. I had not been sick, but it seemed I might be. When the babies were born I would suffer fearfully, and I would think, “I can never have another”—but they kept coming and I had never died yet.

Well, the Fourth of July was over and we were all able to be up the next morning—house all clean and in order, and another hot day—fearfully hot. After

lunch Papa had gone down to the bank. He drove Blacky, a very good horse but not very fast. The boys were cultivating corn. At noon all were home for lunch and after lunch the boys were in the parlor cooling off, except Frank who had gone down town to get his hair cut. Ida, Clarissa, Marie and Paul were upstairs playing church. All of a sudden Paul came into my room—I was resting—and he said, “Oh, Mamma, come upstairs quick—the shingles on the bay window are afire.”

I jumped up as quickly as possible and got the washpan and filled it with water, ran upstairs and looked out, and there I could see a little fire burning in the shingles on the roof of this bay window. I said to the children, “How did that fire get there?”

They said that they did not know. Then I looked up to the roof of the house—and there I saw fire on the edge of the roof. The shingles were burning. As I started to run downstairs to tell the boys, I met the maid. She had heard us talking about this fire, and she said to me, “Oh! Mrs. Dolan, shall I take my trunk out?”

“Oh!” I said, “this home is not going to burn down.”

Then I thought it would do no harm to take the trunk down, so I said, “Yes, take it out.”

So she did. The boys worked good and fast, using the new fire extinguisher that Papa had just brought home a week before. It seemed to put the fire all out, then within a minute or two it was blazing again. When I was upstairs there was no smoke in any of the rooms. It seems it caught fire in the shingles from the sun’s hot rays. It was a fearfully hot day. With-

in a few minutes someone down town noticed the smoke and thought the house was on fire, so got a load of men and drove out, and our near neighbor east of us saw it, and came to help. As soon as they all got there I told them to get the ladder and go to the roof and form a chain of men to carry water up to throw on the fire and put it out. We had plenty of water to get and use, but I could not get any of the men to try this. They commenced to carry everything that was downstairs out of doors. Nothing was saved that was upstairs. Papa came within a few minutes. He had been in the barber shop getting shaved and someone came to the door and told him, "Oh! Mr. Dolan, your home is burning."

He jumped up and ran for his buggy and drove old Blacky home as fast as he could. He said he was so frightened he did not know what to do. Old Blacky was so slow, but the old horse was doing his best. Papa thought perhaps I had been using gasoline and I might be burning. As he came to the door he called, "Mamma!"

I was there—he looked at me with astonishment, and I said, "Oh! Papa, our home is burning down."

He said, "Are *you* all right?"

I answered him, "Oh! yes."

"Are the children all right?"

"Yes, but our home is burning up, and no one will help to stop this fire."

He said, "Oh! Mamma, if you and the children are all right, let her burn."

Then I thought he had gone crazy. He said, "Let her burn, Mamma; I will get you a better one than this has ever been."

All my bedding, but one—all the children's clothes, shoes and stockings—everything that was upstairs was burned. It was not only the *house* that was burning, but so many valuable things that had caused me so much work—he could not see it the same as *I* did. The men brought out the piano and organ, but so many of the pictures and books that were in the parlor were burned. Willie came out of the house, about the last one, crying, with his violin in his hand. I ran to him and asked him if he was hurt. He said some of the bricks from the chimney fell on him, but he was not hurt very much—"Thank God."

Well, our dear old home was gone, and I was exhausted, and ready to give up. Someone helped me some place to rest, and as soon as I was able they took me to my father's and mother's home—a little home on Coon Creek, and at night Papa and I and little Marie stayed at Brother Pen's home. I was in terrible pain all night—I thought my baby would be born before morning, but he was not born until a month after.

All our friends did all they could for us. Papa and my father looked the town over for a house to rent, and at last they found one that did very well, but it had only five rooms, but I was glad to get that. They put what furniture we had left in the house, and some of our lady friends came to the house and made sheets and bedding and some summer clothes for our children. Our friends were all so good and kind to us, and helped us all they could. Papa bought this home within a few days, then he built on a kitchen and that made a little more room for us. I was so glad we had found such a good home to live in. Well, the tenth of August came, and so did our ninth baby. He was a

beautiful baby boy—had beautiful golden hair and complexion like a bisque doll—nice features—he surely was beautiful. The most beautiful baby I had ever seen, and everyone who saw him said he was really beautiful. (I have had ten babies and he was the only one that was beautiful.) He was real well and grew fine. We had quite a time deciding on his name. One day Will came into the room and said, “Say, Mamma, we boys have been talking about naming the baby. He is such a beautiful baby we want to give him a beautiful name—or a good name, and we have decided on ‘Leo.’ It is a name you can’t nickname—Mamma, what do you think?”

“Yes,” I said, “Leo is a good name, and our present Pope’s name is Leo—but let us think about it.”

The very next day we received a very nice letter from Aunt Mary (she was living in Lincoln, Nebraska)—Papa’s sister—Papa had written her of the new baby’s arrival, and she wrote, “If you haven’t named the new baby yet, I wish you would name him ‘Leo.’”

Well, we were surprised, and he was baptized within a few days and named “Leo Lawrence” and we all were pleased with the name, and he grew on just fine and was soon creeping all over the house.

After a time Papa traded some land for a stock of dry goods at Beaver City. He went to this town to sell some of the goods, and took Frank with him for company—so he said; then he got another boy to help and be company for Frank. Papa was so surprised the way Frank worked and sold goods. He told me he did wonderfully well.

The store was warmed with a coal stove, a very large stove, and a long stovepipe—almost a hundred

feet long. One cold day Frank had a hard time keeping the fire burning. He kept working away with the fire, and Papa went out to the barber shop to get shaved. Frank said to Roy, "Say, I remember of hearing Grandpa say the way to clean soot out of pipes was to put some powder into the stove and that would blow it out—I am going to try it." He ran over to a hardware store and bought ten cents worth of powder—that was a lot. He came running back to the store and opened the stove door and threw it all in. Then he jumped behind the counter. There was a terrible explosion. The stovepipe all came apart and down it came—soot all over everything, and broke the big window glass in the front of the store. Well, Frank was surprised at all this. He did not know what to do, or what his Daddy would do. Within a few minutes Papa came in—(Someone had told him of this). Frank said, "Oh, Papa, I didn't know such a little powder would blow all that pipe down."

Papa said, "Well, I guess you know it now."

"You bet," Frank said.

Well, they had quite a time shaking the soot off of everything and getting the pipe up and the stove in place—a terrible sooty time. But Frank and Roy and some others helped—all worked good and hard. Papa said he never knew or had any idea that Frank was such a good worker. He was really surprised. It was worth all that commotion to find that out.

After some little time Papa decided to bring all the goods to Indianola. He rented a store building there, and Will and Clarence, John Dolan and Charley Colling drove down with hayracks to bring the goods back in. It took some little time to get all the goods

in place, but the boys worked very hard. I had two maids in the house and I could help in the store. After everything was ready in the store for selling, Papa had heard of another stock of goods for sale, and he left us to see about this stock of goods. So it seemed the boys and I were left to do business.

This was a very poor year in our country and Papa was determined to be doing something, and keep the boys busy. Michael Morris and Will were taking good care of the banking business, as everybody knew. Frank had had a little experience but I had never had any, but I was anxious to try, and get the people coming to our store. They were all our neighbors. I said to Frank, "We will sell all our calicoes and gingham at five cents a yard" (and we had a nice lot of them) "to get the people coming," and we decided to do this (these gingham were all marked to sell at twenty-five cents a yard) and in the morning we had Mrs. Renolds for our first customer. We told her we were going to sell everything very cheap, and we had some very nice things. We showed her some of these nice things and then she went out and around to call on the people and told them of this wonderful sale, and in the afternoon the store was filled with ladies, buying gingham, calicoes and embroideries. We were busy—as busy as could be. The ladies were delighted. We visited and sold goods all together.

Our merchants were not in the habit of having sales, in this way, and I was afraid they would be disgusted with us. Papa had the only bank in town, and we thought the merchants would be so disgusted with us that they might make trouble. But they did not and we had no trouble at all. Will and Michael Mor-

ris ran the bank, with Papa's management, and everything went on very well. We were selling goods but not making very much money, but after we got the people coming to our store, then we got better prices. Papa always took me with him to buy goods, but he was afraid I would buy too much, but I would tell him, "If we don't have the goods we can't sell them."

"Yes," he would say, and I would buy on.

Our children were getting on all right at home—of course I was there morning, noon and night. Our baby Leo was fine, and growing so nicely, and creeping all over the home. One day as I came home from the store Jamie had tied a rope around Leo's waist and tied the other end of the rope to the piano stool, and Jamie was sitting on the stool reading, and Leo was creeping around having a good time. Jamie said, "Well, Mama, I never knew where he was or what he was getting into, so I decided I would tie him up, then I could keep my eye on him until Mary got back."

Mary was the nurse girl and she was in love with Leo. She told me she was so in love with Leo, the baby, that she was jealous of me. She did not like to have me pay any attention to him at all, and when he was about three years old she left us and went to England, her old home. Oh! I missed her so much, and Jamie was not well. Aunt Mary, Papa's sister, wanted us to bring him to her home in Lincoln, and where we could get the best doctors in the State. We did everything we could for him—"Lord have mercy"—but he died. We brought his body home to Indianola and had the funeral at our church, and buried him in

the Catholic cemetery. We were very sad. We had nine children and Jamie was our first child, and the first to leave us.

A short time before this my father, A. T. Hager, died. Oh! my dear father—how I loved him. How terrible to see him suffer and die—“Oh! Lord, have mercy on him.”

Soon after all this sorrow, the Spanish-American War commenced, and Will and Frank were thinking of enlisting, and asked Papa what he thought they had better do. He told them both to think it over well—take time and not to be in a hurry; so they did and decided to enlist. Frank was eighteen in June of that year, and Will was a year and a half older. They went to Omaha and enlisted in Col. Bryan's regiment. Papa and I and all the family went to Omaha and stayed all summer, and were there while the boys were getting ready to leave for the South. At last they were gone, and were in Jacksonville, Florida. Captain Lamborn was their Captain. They all had a miserable time of it. So many of the boys, so well and strong when they left home, soon died. Frank was sent back to Nebraska by his Captain, one time, with four dead bodies. Frank was real well all the time, but Will was not. At last he was discharged and came home. He had lost fifty pounds. He looked terribly thin, and it was a good thing the Captain had mercy on him. Within a short time Frank was discharged.

Then we all came back to Indianola. Frank went back to school and graduated in the spring. I wanted to buy a new home where we could have more room and a larger yard for the children to play in. There

was a place in the edge of town, consisting of a block of ground. The house was not just right, but plenty of room to build on and I knew I could do that. After thinking it all over I decided to talk to Papa about buying the place. He did not like to make a change, but after a time he did it to please me, and I was very thankful. At first we plastered a room in the barn for a bedroom for the boys to sleep in, then within a short time we built on to the house. Then we were very comfortable and I was delighted.

One summer day Clarence was working in the wheat field on the farm on the hill. He had lost his watch. He had looked and looked until he was tired out, then he said, "Oh! I will go and get Mamma to come and find it—she has wonderful luck." He came into the house and said, "Mamma I have lost my watch in the wheat field and I have looked for hours and I can't find it. You know you have awful good luck in finding anything—please come and help me."

"All right, Clarence, I will try it."

He had a buggy and horse and we went out together. We drove into the wheat field and I asked the dear Lord to help me find the watch. As we drove along through the stubble I said, "Now, Clarence, stop—I will get out and walk and look."

So I did, and I had just taken a few steps when I looked to the ground, and there was the watch. "Here it is, Clarence," I said.

"Well, Mamma, don't that beat the dickens!"

It was winter now, and Ida and Clarissa, Clarence and Paul were going to school, and Marie when it was not too cold. Leo was growing fine, and Marie was learning to sew. She was anxious to make something

to look well on herself and I was glad to have her keep busy. It was a beginning, and she liked it. Sometimes she would go over to Mrs. Toogood's or Mrs. McCool's, and they would entertain her and tell her how to make certain things. Ida and Clarissa were good little housekeepers.

In vacation time Paul would work on the farm. One time he was raking in the field and he let the big iron rake come down on his shoe—all a mistake—it went through the shoe and one toe. He pulled the rake off of his foot, but within a minute or two his shoe was full of blood. Well, the poor boy came home for help, and we soon fixed it all up right.

Viola Wallace was working for us. She was so good and faithful with all the children. She liked Leo so much, and Leo was delighted with her. We were expecting another baby soon—this would be the tenth. I hoped the baby-boy—or girl—would look just like Leo, or almost like him. He was still beautiful with his golden hair and fair complexion. Sister Libbie came from Omaha to be with me for a few weeks. The 27th of June, 1900, arrived, and this was Libbie's birthday, and also our baby girl came, to stay. She did not look the least bit like Leo. She had very dark brown eyes and hair, and so much of it. The doctor said, "Oh! isn't she cunning"—and indeed she was. So now we had nine children—ten with Jamie, but he had gone on to the other world. Dear, dear boy—Lord have mercy on him. Papa named our new baby "Florence Agnes." She grew nicely, and the children were all good to take care of her.

As time went on we were all well and many little things were happening. Frank was anxious to see the

outside world, so he went to Oklahoma, and went into the mercantile business, with James McCaulum. Will was twenty-one and a good steady boy, working in the bank and saving his money. He was engaged to marry Lulu Beardsley. They had been friends since they were little children. She was a lovely girl, and very pretty, and I liked her very much. One morning, cold and windy, the 5th of March, 1900, we were just ready to eat breakfast and there was a loud rap on the door. Papa opened the door, and there stood John Fritz. He said in a quiet voice, "Mr. Dolan, the bank is on fire—come quick with the key to the door."

Everyone in the room jumped up. Will was sick from the excitement and staggered when he started to run. I thought he would faint, but within a minute or two he was all right and ran on with Papa and the rest to the burning bank building. This bank building was a very good one, built of brick and two stories high. It had a very good fireproof vault and all the money and books were in this vault, as everything of this sort was put there every night. Papa and the boys and all the town men, and some of the women, were there to do whatever they could. It seemed the fire commenced on the second floor. One of the men had built a fire in his office stove and the stove door was forced open by too much fuel and the fire dropped out on the floor, burned through the floor and dropped down on the bank counter. The men found this out when they opened the bank door to go in. Everyone did all they could, but they could not stop the fire and all the wood frame in the building burned and most of the brick walls fell in. Our third fire.

Papa felt terribly bad—his beautiful bank building burned to the ground. It was built in 1886 and burned in 1900. The books and money were all safe in the vault, as they found out later. Our store building was the next door west. They moved the goods out of this store building, and as soon as possible the banking business was started in there, and business went on all right, and work soon commenced on rebuilding a new bank building.

July 4th, 1900. Will and Lulu Beardsley were married in the Catholic Church, by Father Barret, at five o'clock in the morning. We all were there for the wedding. They had their wedding breakfast at Lulu's home, with her father and mother. At seven o'clock they left on the train for Wilcox, Nebraska. Papa had a banking business there and needed Will's attention for a short time, and this was their wedding trip, and before they came back (in a few weeks) we bought them a home and partly furnished it, and when they came back they moved right in and were very comfortable. Lulu was a very good loving wife, and we were all glad they were near us.

Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lamborn and family, moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, for Mr. Lamborn's health, and their son Guy had gone there from Wilcox's Bank for his health also. Guy had been there only a short time when he died very suddenly. Mrs. Lamborn and Charley brought his body to our home in Indianola, and had the funeral from there, and he was buried in the Indianola cemetery. Mrs. Lamborn and Charley went back to Santa Fe as soon as possible, for Mr. Lamborn was not very well.

It was a terribly hot summer and Papa and several

of the men of Indianola thought they would take a trip West. Papa was anxious to find a better location for Mr. Lamborn to live in. Papa had been gone only five or six days when we received a telegram from Mrs. Lamborn saying Mr. Lamborn was dead, and they would be in Indianola Thursday, for the funeral. We were very anxious for Papa to know of Mr. Lamborn's death. We thought he must be in San Francisco, but were not sure of this, but in the morning we received a telegram from him, saying he was in San Francisco and wanted to know if we were all well. We telegraphed him that all the family were well but that Mr. Lamborn was dead and the funeral was to be Thursday at Indianola. Papa would not have time to get home for the funeral unless we changed the date, but we decided not to do that, for we did not know just the day Papa could get home. Mrs. Lamborn and Charley came with Mr. Lamborn's body, to our house. We had the funeral and buried him beside Guy on the hillside.

Mrs. Lamborn and Charley returned to Santa Fe, and as soon as possible Mrs. Lamborn with all her family moved back to Wilcox, Nebraska, straightened up the business in good shape, with Papa's help, and they were soon living in a very good home—children all well and going to school. Mrs. Lamborn seemed real well and getting on fine. They had been back in Wilcox two years.

One day Papa and I went to see Mrs. Lamborn. She seemed real happy with her children and everything in order. We enjoyed our visit and left them. Within a few days we received a telegram from Charley saying his mother was dead. We were so shocked and surprised. The children all came with her body

to our house for the funeral. She was buried beside her husband, Mr. Lamborn. Lottie told me of her death. She said she and her mother slept together, and her mother woke her about midnight and said she was sick—and that was all—and she was dead within a few minutes. Lord have mercy. Lottie was the home keeper after that, and they all got along very well.

A few months after this Ida was not very well; had a bad cough and we were anxious to do something for her. Papa and I thought it all over and decided to send her to San Diego, California, to the Sisters' School—Clarence to go with her. They left home in the early spring. They enjoyed the trip and Ida went to the Sisters' School and Clarence went to work for a merchant near San Diego. Ida wrote us she was delighted. It was like summer all the time—not hot weather at all—just right. When the Indianola school was out in June we thought it would be nice for Clarissa to go out and be with Ida. I soon had Clarissa ready, and the day before she was to leave Papa said to me, "Mamma, I wish you would go with Clarissa and see if Ida is all right, and if she has a good place to stay."

Well, I was surprised. I had not thought of going at all, but I could go, for we had Viola Wallace to do the work, and she was so good with the children. After I had thought it all over for a few minutes I said, "I think I had better go, too. Viola is so good, I am sure you will get along all right." And the very next day Clarissa and I were on our way.

It took five days to make the trip, in the same car all the way. After we got there we went right to the

Convent, and asked to see Ida Dolan. They asked us in and invited us to sit down and they would bring her to us. Oh! I was so anxious to see her. Every minute seemed like an hour. But within a few minutes Ida came in. Oh! Oh! Oh! I was so surprised, to see how terribly bad she looked. She was as white as marble. "Oh! Ida darling, what is the matter with you?" I cried.

She said, "Oh! Mamma, I am so glad you are here. I don't know why I should cough all the time, and I am getting so weak. Oh! Mamma, Oh! Clarissa, I am so glad you both are here—thank God." She kissed and kissed us both, the poor darling. She was so glad we had come to her. She said, "The Sisters have gotten me medicine, but it does not seem to do me any good."

I said, "My dear, I am here now, I will see what I can do."

I talked to Mother Superior, and she told me she had the doctor to see Ida and she was taking his medicine. But the Mother gave me the impression there was not much use of trying to do anything only of course to make her comfortable. "Oh! God help me"—and He did. I found out the other doctor's name was Doctor Gotchner. I went to his office and he was in. I told him all I knew of Ida's condition. He asked me to bring some of her spittle for examination, so I did, and I waited for his examination. It was just a few minutes and he told me she had T. B. very bad. Oh! God! how fearfully I felt. I said to the doctor, "What can I do?"

He thought it all over for a few minutes, then he said, "I will take care of her, and do my very best."

He said he would give her a steam bath every day, if she could stand it, and do other things he thought best, and, he said, within three months she would be a lot better, or dead. He told me to go on home now, that her sister, Clarissa, was with her, and she could write to me every day and let me know how she was getting along. How terribly I felt to go and leave her. Clarence had gone on home the week before, but I had done my best, and thank God for finding Doctor Gotchner.

As soon as I could I left for home. Ida and Clarissa went to the train with me. I kissed them goodbye—I thought perhaps I would never see Ida again. After they left me I cried and cried—I think crying so hard did me good, for I decided I had done the best I knew to do and calmed down, and the train left San Diego and all I could do then was to be quiet and pray. I arrived home all right and found the family all well—but Marie, Leo and Florence had had the measles but they had gotten along just fine. Viola was so good to them all.

Within a few days we received our first letter from Clarissa. She said Ida was no worse, but her cough was still just fearful, but Doctor Gotchner was working on her every day, with his nurse helping with it all. This was June, and within a month she commenced to seem a little better—coughed less and could sleep somewhat better. Within two months she *was* better, and Clarissa would write us she was getting better all the time—"Thank God."

In October Papa and I, with all the family except Clarence and Frank (Frank was in Oklahoma), went to San Diego to spend the winter. We had written to

Ida and Clarissa to rent us a furnished house large enough for the family. We packed our lunch and the whole family started for San Diego. It took us five days, but we were happy, for Ida was getting better. When we arrived in San Diego, Ida and Clarissa were at the station to meet us. I was so surprised to see Ida look so well and happy. Oh! how happy we all were, and so thankful—"Thank God." And Clarissa was fine. She was real fleshy—she made me laugh to see her double chin. Oh! we all were so happy—so happy. They had a nice roomy house rented for us, and groceries in the pantry. Everything ready to be right at home.

Well, we stayed all winter, and enjoyed it all the time. Mr. and Mrs. Happersett and all their family had come to Los Angeles a year before this to live, and Frank came in November to marry Josephine. The 19th of November, 1902, they were married by Father Clifford at Mr. Happersett's home. Papa, Clarissa and I were there for the wedding. Clarissa played the wedding march. They had a nice breakfast and it was all soon over and Frank and Josephine left us for Oklahoma, as Frank was in business there. Papa, Clarissa and I went back to San Diego.

Ida was getting stronger all the time. All the children but Ida, Clarissa and Florence went to school. The weather was so nice, and Papa rented a horse and buggy by the month. The livery man would bring this horse and buggy to our gate and tie the horse to the hitching post, then we would ride whenever we wanted to. We thought this would be good for Ida to be out in the lovely air. She did not cough any more and looked so well.

One day Florence was missing and we could not find her. The whole family were looking for her. Leo was crying—he thought he would never see her again. Papa went down town to look for her. He went into one of the bath houses and there she was, with our near neighbor's little boy. They stood there looking at the people bathing. They were surprised to see Papa, and the little boy said, "Oh! here is your Dad, I wish he hadn't found us." Papa brought her home. She was so hungry, and Leo was so thankful that Papa had found her. Well, we had a lovely time all the time we were there—all winter.

At last the first of May came and it was time for us to go home, to Indianola. We were soon there and had the house in order and everything was going on in good shape. Ida seemed real well, *and was well*. How thankful we all were, and time went on peacefully all summer and winter. Papa and I were thinking and talking on the quiet of making a move, going East or West. We wanted to go where there were very good schools, and a very good climate for Ida. We had been one winter in California, and we were delighted with the weather. Papa thought Los Angeles was the place for business and we decided to look the city over, and he and I came to Los Angeles in May, 1904.

Frank and Josephine were living in Los Angeles at that time, and Papa helped Frank get started in the grocery business. Frank had rather a hard time and got rather discouraged. After a short time Clarence came to help him, then he went on a little better. Papa and I stayed in Los Angeles a month, most of the time with Mr. and Mrs. Happersett, while Papa was looking over Los Angeles. We decided Los Angeles was

the place to come to, for Ida's health, and for business, and we hoped all our children would sometime be located in or near Los Angeles.

Papa and I went back to Indianola, and we had decided to leave that fall, and we did. We shipped all of our furniture and goods of all kinds in a freight car. Our neighbors and friends came to our home the night before we left, and the Indianola Band played outdoors and in the house. We had a jolly good time, but when the time came to say goodbye, there were tears shed. It was hard to part with our dear old friends, but it was done.

The next day we left, the whole family except Will and his family, who were left behind as Will was manager and cashier of the bank. There were eight of us to leave—Ida, Clarissa, Paul, Marie, Leo and Florence, and Papa and I. As we kissed Will and Lulu and our two little granddaughters, and all our old friends goodbye, we were so sorry to leave them, but I was so glad we were going to California. We told our old neighbors we thought we might be back within a year, but in my heart I hoped not. I was so glad to leave old hot, dry Nebraska, but Papa rather hated to leave and thought perhaps we might be glad to go back. We stopped off at McCook to wait for the through train to Los Angeles, which left McCook about twelve o'clock—midnight. We went to the hotel to wait. Ida and Clarissa had friends to spend the time with. At last we were all on the train speeding for Denver, our first stop. We arrived there about nine o'clock in the morning. We got out our lovely big lunch basket filled with good things to eat, and we all

had a good breakfast, on two tables that the porter provided for us.

After breakfast Papa thought he would get off while the train was waiting—thought he might meet someone he knew, and he did. He went into the car with this friend (he was going to Los Angeles also) and sat down to have a talk. Within a short time Papa said to his friend, “Come with me and meet my family”—but he could not find us. The train had been divided and we had gone on ahead. When we were leaving Denver, Paul said, “I don’t believe Papa is on the train; I saw him talking with a man from Lincoln, Nebraska—I will go through the train and see if he is on.”

So he did, and when Paul came back he said, “No, Mamma, Papa is not on this train—now, what will we do when the conductor comes and asks us for our tickets? You know Papa has all the tickets in his pocket.”

“Well, well,” I said, “we are in a great fix, but we will do something.”

Leo was terribly frightened. “He may put us all off, Mamma,” he said.

Within a few minutes the conductor came into our car, and he called out, “Tickets, tickets—everybody get your tickets out.” I did not have any tickets to get out, so just sat there quietly. Within a few minutes the conductor came to me and said, “Tickets—tickets.”

I said, “Conductor, I want to tell you—there are seven of us here—we are on our way to Los Angeles, California—my husband was with us to Denver, and he has all our tickets, but he got left there, so what will you do about it?”

He said in a very loud voice, "You say your husband got left—was he drunk?"

I said, "Oh! no, he was not drunk."

"Well, I think I will have to stop the train and put you all off," he said.

Leo and Florence commenced to cry; then he said, "Oh, little girl, I won't put you off."

Just then the porter came to help us. He told the conductor he was sure we were all right—that we had two sections in the sleeper all paid for to Los Angeles, and the man (Mr. Dolan) would catch up with us before we got to Los Angeles and he was sure he had the tickets all right.

"Well," the conductor said, "I guess I won't put you off."

I said, "Now, Conductor, before you leave this train please give me a statement, or something, to show the next conductor how we happened to be on this train without tickets."

He said, "All right, Madam, I will do that." And he did.

We rode all that day and night, and until almost noon the next day when we stopped at a town by the name of Helper, and the train Papa was on caught up with us there. So we, Papa and I and the family, were united again, and we went on without any more trouble.

Frank and Clarence met us at the train at Los Angeles, and took us to Mr. Happersett's home for breakfast. After a little while we all went to the furnished home that the boys had rented for us until the last of November. We were pleased with the home as we were very comfortable. The weather was lovely

all winter. Within a short time Papa and I commenced to look for a home to buy. The children were all going to school but Ida. She was real well, and she was the housekeeper. Papa and I would go out almost every day, looking for a home to buy. It was like "looking for a needle in a haystack"—so many houses for sale—but I could not find one that looked like home to me. Every time before leaving the house I would ask the dear Lord to help me find a home. Our time was almost up—I think we had three more days—well, the day before the last, a man came to the door and said, "I understand you are looking for a home to buy—I can show you a very good one."

Papa was not there to talk to him, and I said, "We have looked and looked, and we have not found what we want—I think we will give it up."

But I could not get him to leave. At last he said, "You come and look at this house." I thought it would do no harm to look at it anyway. He had a good horse and buggy, and I went with him. It was just a short way from where we lived. This home was on a very wide street, 120 feet. I liked that—not much yard for the lot was small; I did not like that. We went into the house—I *liked it—and I liked it*. We went upstairs—five bedrooms and a large closet for each bedroom, a fine hall and a large bathroom, and lots of windows. Downstairs, a large parlor, the living room was lovely, and the dining room was fine—kitchen all right, then the back porch and toilet, just right. I was delighted with it all, but the lot seemed so small for such a large house, but I was used to living in a country town. Well, I did not say very much to the agent in regard to the house, and he took me home. I

told him we would let him know what we thought about the house tomorrow, and said good night.

As I went into the house I met Ida, and I said, "Oh, Ida, I have found it—I have found it!" And she was so glad. She was tired, too, of having me do nothing but look every day. Within a few minutes Papa came in. I said, "Oh! Papa, I have found it—I have found the house I want"—then I told him all about it. In the morning this agent came again and took us over to this place, and Papa and I looked it over together. It cost more than Papa wanted to pay; he thought we might not like the location, and so on, but he was tired, too, looking for a home, and decided to take it, if I was satisfied; and we both were tired of looking. Well, Papa bought it and we moved in the next day, and we lived there ten years. Our next door neighbors, the Giffen family, got to be our very best friends, and are yet, twenty years after.

Our children all went to school, but Ida—she and I were the home keepers. The first day Leo went to school he had quite a time getting acquainted. At noon he came running home with two or three boys running after him. He came to the front door. It was locked and he could not get in. I stood in the hall and happened to see it all—the boys were after him, but when he found out he could not get in, he turned around and the first boy that came up the step Leo hit him right in the face, a good hard blow. The blood flew. I suppose Leo hit him right on the nose—well, that was enough, the little boy commenced to cry and the other boys ran away, and Leo was the hero. When he went back to school, Leo told me, the boys were all nice to him and he had no more trouble with

them. But the teacher complained about him. The principal told me she had punished him several times but Leo never said a word about it to us and we just let it pass, as we all were busy with one thing and another.

Papa was in the real estate business. He had an office in the Grant Building on Broadway. He had bought a few acres on Figueroa Street, in the Southwest. Within a short time this was put into lots, but lot selling was slow work.

Within a short time Papa bought his first automobile (there were very few being used then). This one I speak of was a Buick, two-cylinder and no windshield. Papa, Grandma and I, with Clarence driving, went to San Pedro to see the Fleet come in. The road was terribly dusty and Papa counted fifty machines that had given out—out of gasoline or broke down in some way. I know we all were very anxious and expected any minute to stop, and not knowing how we would get started again, we had a very nervous time—with the dust. We got home at last and I looked at Grandma—I laughed and laughed. Her face was covered with dust, almost black, and Papa's and Clarence's just as black, and Papa's white hair was almost black. And I was black too, as they told me. Well, we had a good time laughing at each other, but were very thankful we were home all safe.

Within a short time Clarissa graduated from the High School, and she was so good to help Ida with the house work that Papa and I thought it a good time to take a trip, so we decided to go to Ireland. The 6th of May, 1908, we left (Clarissa's birthday)—the children all well, and my mother to guard the family—



Rosslare, Ireland  
The Home of J. W. Dolan's Father and Mother, and where J. W. D. was born

the older boys to look after the real estate business. Paul, Marie, Leo and Florence were going to school, and we were glad we had such good neighbors, the Giffen family. Well, as I said, the 6th of May, 1908, we left our dear family and neighbors. We stopped a day, or over Sunday, in Indianola, with Will and family; then on to New York City.

We were soon on the wonderful boat "Corona." The next day I was seasick, and I was seasick until the day before we arrived in Queenstown—Oh! so miserable. We were five days on the water. Papa did not feel very well, but kept up all the time. We were glad to get off of that boat.

We were in that green country about four months. We had no friends to visit. Papa had quite a time finding the place where he was born, near the Irish Sea, at "Rosslare." I took a kodak picture of this place, and several places.

It seemed Ireland was so green—the trunks of the trees were green; the whole country was green, and even the sky looked green, and the water—everything looked green; well, it was quite a wonderful trip.

We were glad to start home. We got home September 26, 1908. Found everybody well. They, the children, were expecting us. Marie would come to the train every day; she came for three days. At last we came, and she was there. We went home on the street car, and as we stepped off the car Leo was there. He ran up to me and kissed me; I thought he was on low stilts. I looked down at his feet, but I did not see any stilts. He had just grown that much while we were gone. I was surprised. Well, my mother and all the children had gotten along just fine. We had a good

cow, so had good milk and cream, and chickens and eggs, and the girls made ice cream that was wonderful. The girls were lovely cooks. Oh! we were so glad to be at home, and the children were all so glad we were with them.

Now the fall term of school was just beginning, and Clarissa and Marie thought they would take the kindergarten course, as Marie had just graduated from St. Mary's, and wanted to teach, so they started in and worked and studied hard.

In the spring, March 13, 1909, Saturday forenoon, about ten o'clock, the phone rang, and I went to answer it, and Ella Moore Lane's voice said, "Oh! Ida, is it you?"

Then I said, "Oh! Ella, is it you?"

Well, well, I was so surprised. After we had talked a few minutes she said she would be out to see us all at two o'clock. I was so anxious to tell the news to Mother, and she was so surprised. She said, "Ida, you don't say so—Oh! I am so glad—I am so glad."

Within a few minutes Mother got up to close the window; she said she was cold. I looked at her, and she did not look just right. I asked her to lie down on the lounge, so she did. Within a few minutes lunch was ready and she came to the table, but she did not eat very much; she was watching the clock. This Ella Moore Lane's father was my mother's brother, and her mother was my father's sister. Ella and I were double cousins, and we thought so much of each other. It was at her home in Winnebago, Illinois, where I had such a lovely visit, just before I was married, and we had not had a good visit since. As I said, Mother was

watching the clock. About one o'clock she wanted to go upstairs and change her dress. I went with her, to help what I could. We made the change and started to come downstairs but she seemed to be getting weaker. I said, "Mother, don't you think you better lie down for a short time?"

We went back to her room. I opened the closet door to get her night dress, but she turned to the dresser and opened the drawer, and started to take out a clean white gown (she had been wearing outing gowns). I got the white gown for her and put it on her and helped her in bed. She did not speak any more and within a minute or two she was fast asleep. I had sent for Doctor Clarke, and she came. She thought Mother would come out of this stupor within a few minutes—that is what she said, but I hardly think she thought so—and in a few minutes Ella and Doctor Miller came, but she was unconscious and knew no one. This was Saturday afternoon. I got a nurse to stay by her all the time, but she passed away Monday morning, just at sunrise. Lord have mercy. After a few hours we sent for the undertakers and they laid her out in the parlor, in a white gown, and she looked beautiful.

The next day we had the funeral, at the parlors of the undertakers; then the following day Papa and I left with her body for Exeter, Nebraska. A large number of her friends and our old friends met us at the train, and we had her funeral at the Congregational Church, then buried her body beside my father's, in the Exeter cemetery. "Lord have mercy on her soul." Will and Lulu came from Indianola to Exeter for the funeral. Oh! my dear mother. Our home was

a sad place without her. She had been real well all the time she had been with us, and busy every day, helping the family with some kind of work. She was always, always sweet and kind. Oh! how we missed her. "Lord have mercy on her soul."

Papa and I soon came back to Los Angeles, from Exeter, Nebraska, and our home was lonely without her, but we must go on. The children were going to school, and Papa and Frank and Clarence were busy in the real estate business. Paul was thinking of studying medicine. He wanted to be a doctor. Papa told him he thought farming was the best work a man could do, and Papa said if he (Paul) would take it up, he would buy him several acres of land, and see that he got started in good shape on the land, but Paul could not see it that way, and wanted to be a doctor. At last Papa gave it up, and said, "All right, go to it," and paid his way in the medical college until he graduated.

Will, Frank and Clarence all graduated from the High School at Indianola, Nebraska. Clarence attended the College at St. Joseph, Missouri, the "Christian Brothers" School. We were all living in California now, but Will and his family, and they were coming as soon as Will could sell out, but that might be some time. Clarence was going out to parties a good deal. He would take Ida and Clarissa whenever they would go, but Papa had told him to be very careful where he took the girls. The girls went with him a good many times, but after a while they said they did not enjoy the parties, or meet anyone that they enjoyed very much.

After a short time Clarence met a young lady he thought was lovely. She and Marie were going to school at St. Mary's College, so of course Marie knew her. Her name was Marguerite Clark. After a time she and Marie graduated from St. Mary's College. Soon Clarence was calling on Marguerite, as he thought she was very fine, and within a short time they were engaged to be married, and the 4th of October was the day, and Clarence had asked Father Glass (or Bishop Glass as he is now) to marry them, at St. Vincent's Church. Marguerite's family all liked Clarence, and they were very anxious to have a very nice wedding for Marguerite, and the Clark family was very busy, doing so many things—but listen—Clarence came to me and said, "Say, Mamma, I want to tell you something—promise me you won't say anything to anybody about this. Marguerite and I want to get married on the 4th of September, and this is to be a secret, and no one of Marguerite's family is to know it."

Well, well, I told him I could not see why they should do this.

"Well," he said, "Marguerite says it is too much trouble and the expense is *too* great to get ready for a big wedding. We want to go to St. Vincent's Church in the early morning; Father Glass will say Mass; then after Mass Father will marry us; then we will go to the Alexandria Hotel, have breakfast; then after breakfast Marguerite and I will leave on the early train for Santa Barbara; stay a few days, then come home."

"You say Marguerite is very anxious to have it as you say?"

"Yes, Mamma, she is, and I am anxious for it also, and we would like to have Marie for the bridesmaid. Day after tomorrow is the 4th, and that is the day we have decided on. I have talked to Father Glass about this and he is willing to marry us. Now, Mamma, please don't tell anyone except Marie, and make her promise not to tell anybody."

I said, "Can't I tell Papa?"

"No, Mamma, don't do it, for if we tell Papa, then we have no excuse for not telling Mrs. Clark."

"Well, well," I said, "I guess we are not in it—I will see if Marie will be Marguerite's bridesmaid, and see if she will look right for the occasion."

Day after tomorrow is the 4th of September; just one day to get ready. I called Marie and told her of this. She was so surprised. "Now, Marie, let us see if you will look all right for this wonderful occasion, and you know you are to tell no one."

Yes, Marie had a new white suit, and a very pretty white hat, and white gloves. "Oh! Mamma," she said, "isn't this terrible?" but she was ready to help Clarence. The night of the 3rd of September Clarence and Marie dressed in their best, slipped their valise out the back way, and they went out the back door and down to the street car, and no one knew they were off, but me. They went down town together and met Marguerite at the Alexandria Hotel. They all stayed there that night. In the morning early, about four o'clock, Marguerite and Marie were up and dressed. In a short time they met Clarence and went to St. Vincent's Church. Father Glass said Mass and then married Clarence and Marguerite. After the marriage, Clarence and Marguerite, Marie and

Father Glass, (or Bishop Glass as he is now), and one or two others went to the Alexandria Hotel and had breakfast. (It seemed that Father Glass had ordered this breakfast and it was very nice.) After breakfast then Clarence and Marguerite took the train for Santa Barbara.

After this all had happened, someone phoned to Mrs. Clark that Marguerite had just been married at the church and they were on their way to Santa Barbara. Mrs. Clark was so surprised, then angry. Then she phoned over to the Dolan home. Papa answered the phone. He told her he did not know anything about it—he thought Clarence was in the house but not up yet—he would see. He called upstairs for Clarence, then I told him all about it. He went to the phone and told Mrs. Clark that Clarence was not here. Then Mrs. Clark had a terrible time, or her girls had a terrible time with her, for she was disgusted. She was having Marguerite's wedding dress made down town, and other things being done—no wonder she was so upset. I asked Marie to go and call on her and tell her all about the wedding, so she did. But within a short time Marie came home, crying. Well, Mrs. Clark had to give someone "fits," and Marie was the one to get it—Clarence's sister. But after a time she calmed down, and was nice and sweet.

Clarence had bought a very good house in the Southwest part of the city. It was furnished except for a few things, and silverware and linen, and so on. Ida, Clarissa and I went to the house to see what was needed, then we got busy. The next day Mrs. Clark came to see what was needed, and she brought some cut glass and linen, and several other things that were

very nice and useful. And everything went on very peacefully.

Near this time Leo was taken sick. He said it was just a stomachache. We waited a day or two, as he was going around the house. At last I said, "Leo, we must have a doctor and find out what causes this pain."

I sent for Doctor Clarke. After she examined him she said he had appendicitis, but she said she would send for Doctor Bryant, and she did. Within a few minutes Doctor Bryant was there and after he had examined Leo, he said the trouble was appendicitis and Leo must go to the hospital at once and be operated on. Oh! Oh! dear, we had no idea it was as bad as that. The doctor phoned for an ambulance and within a few minutes Leo was on the way to the hospital, and Papa and I went also. They had the operation as soon as possible, and he came through in fine shape, and seemed to be getting on just fine, and within two weeks he seemed almost ready to come home, when all of a sudden he was taken terribly sick and had to have another operation. The doctor thought he could not live through another operation, but it had to be. Oh! how fearful I felt, and the tears ran down on the doctor's face. Well, the second operation was over with and Leo was still living—"Thank God." Oh! what a terrible time we had, but Leo got through with all his suffering, and after several weeks he was brought home. When he went to the hospital he weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. When he came home he weighed one hundred pounds. Within a short time he was walking around, and then soon he was going to school. Father McDonnell



Leo L. Dolan



Clarence Dolan



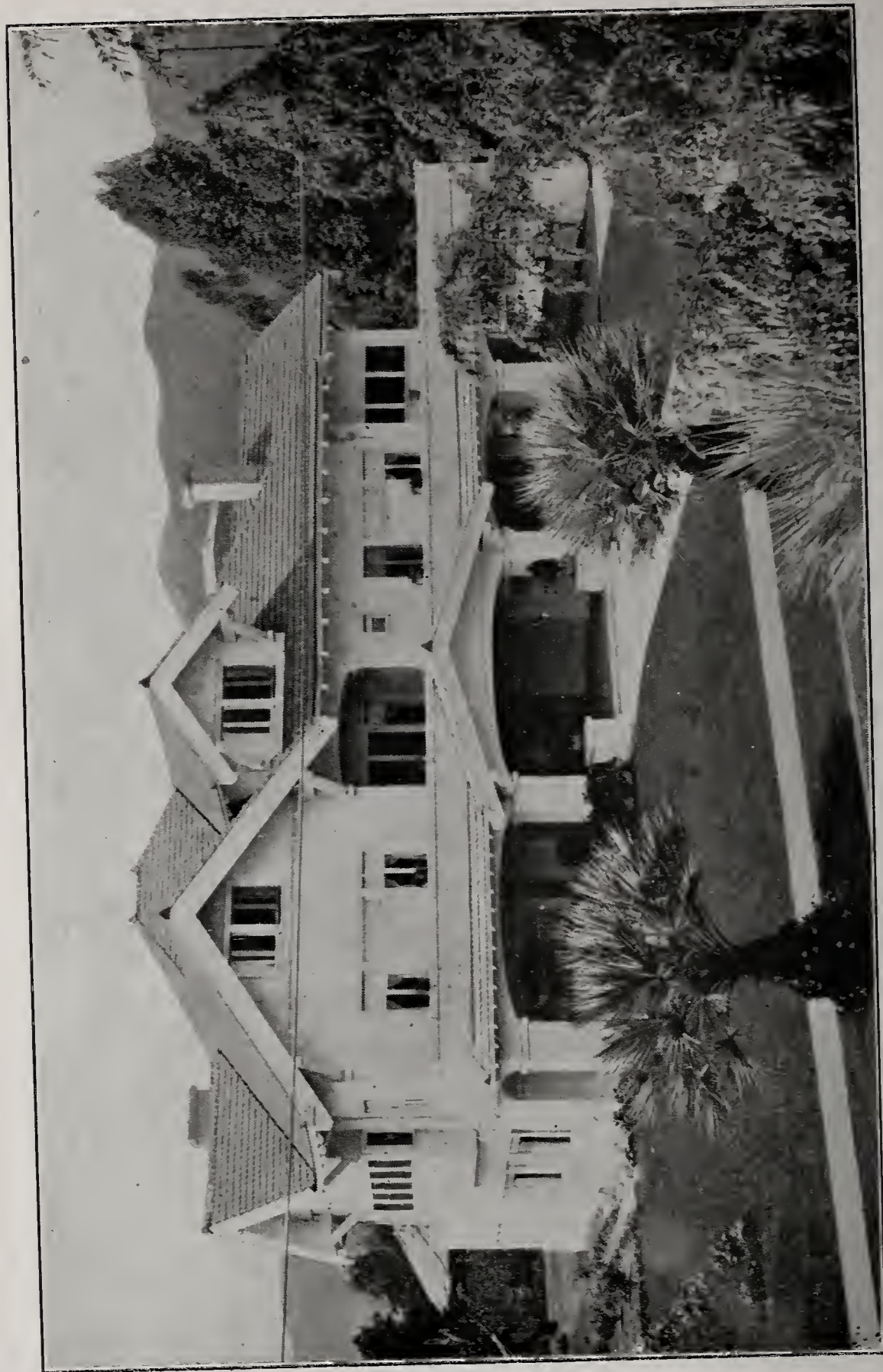
Dr. Paul Dolan

thought so much of Leo, and Leo thought so much of Father McDonnell. We all loved Father McDonnell. Leo seemed real well, or we thought so, but he was nervous and did not eat right.

We had bought a lot in Hollywood and were thinking of building a new house. This lot was two blocks from the Catholic Church. The lot was 181 feet on the north by 190 feet fronting east. The south part of the lot was quite a little lower than the north part. Papa had several loads of dirt hauled to put on the south part, to make the lot all the same height, then we commenced to look for someone to make our house plans. At last Papa decided on Comrade Large. It seemed I had to make the plans with Mr. Large's help. Papa did not want to bother. He said he could not see plans on paper. Mr. Large and I worked and worked on these plans. I had *my* way about almost everything. At first we built the garage of shingles, and thought we would build the house of shingles, as so many houses were being built that way, but at last Papa decided to build of cement, and I was willing.

Well, we had the plans all ready, but Papa did not think Mr. Large was the builder he wanted. He had heard of Mr. Meline as being a very good man in this business, and he came to the home as Papa had asked him. They talked everything over and Papa soon found out he *was* the man he wanted to oversee the building of our house, and Mr. Meline soon got his carpenters and went to work, and work went on in good shape; but it took eight months to build the home.

We were living on Toberman Street, 1621, our old home. We had an automobile and Papa and I would drive over to Hollywood almost every day to see how



Home of J. W. and Ida M. Dolan, 1747 Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood California; Built 1914

the new house was being built. Leo was going to school at Hollywood; he would go on the street car. One night I noticed he did not eat his dinner. He sat quietly in his place, beside me. I said to him, "What is the matter, Leo?" I can't write any more about this. "Oh, please, our dear Father in Heaven, have mercy on him. Oh! dear Lord have mercy—forgive him. Oh! please forgive him." . . . . .

He left this world the 29th of January, 1914. I almost lost my mind, but after a time I came back and tried to go on. Our new home in Hollywood was finished the first of April, and we moved in the third of April, 1914, my birthday. All the girls, Ida, Clarissa, Marie and Florence, were so pleased with the new house, and Papa had been so well pleased and satisfied with it all, and his business room and vault just right, as he did help plan that,—we all were pleased with the new home, and tried to be happy.

As time went on many things happened, but nothing serious. We planted trees and garden and rose bushes. Mr. Warren was our gardener and he was very good—took such an interest in everything. He was an old man and after a time he was taken sick and was taken to the hospital, and within a few weeks he died. Lord have mercy on his soul. After a short time we had a Jap man to do our garden work. His name was Frank, and he had a Jap wife named Ito. She came to work for us as she had no children, and she is still with us. Clarissa was the cook lady at that time and Clarissa taught Ito to do the work and speak our language. The girls were all pleased with the new

home. Ida was manager of the whole house. She did most of the work on the first floor. Clarissa and Ida did the cooking. Clarissa was such a lovely cake baker—well, everything she made was lovely. Sometimes when she was waiting for her cake to bake, she would run into the living room and play the piano and sing. She always went on a little run. She loved her home and mother. She would run to me so often and whisper, "Mamma, I love you." Marie and Florence were good little chums. Marie did the work on the second floor, and she was a very good bed maker and kept the bedrooms in very good order, and was nice and sweet about all her work, and Florence was a very good little helper, when she was needed. It took quite a good deal of work to keep the house in order—this home had twenty rooms. The girls would have afternoon parties quite often—the girls were all pleased with their home.

I was not very well, and my doctor thought it would be a very good thing for me to take the milk diet for a month. There was a milk diet home on Friend Street, which was just a little way from our home in Hollywood. It was decided I should go there and stay in bed a month, take a bath every morning and drink three quarts of milk a day, and eat nothing. A friend of mine was there taking the milk diet at the same time, and it was nice to have her near to visit with. Papa would come over every day and tell me all the events of the day, and the children would come real often. I was so thankful I had so many dear ones. Some days I would write to my dear husband, and one day I had a sort of "poetical" streak come over me, and this is what I wrote:

## TO MY DEAR HUSBAND

Here I am just resting—and quiet;  
From all work and care I am free.  
My room is light, and my bed is white—  
What more could I ask for me?

Thanks to you, Dear—and the milk diet.

Here I am resting day and night—  
Thinking good thoughts—to make good blood;  
This all helps to make the system right  
While the milk goes down like a flood.

Thanks to you, Dear—and the milk diet.

Here I am just resting—nothing like it—  
Nothing to do but keep quiet and diet.  
As the milk goes down on the hour  
My brain grows clearer, and my body gains power.

Thanks to you, Dear—and the milk diet.

Here I am just resting—with my dear ones near—  
As I look at God's hills not far away;  
So beautiful and quiet.  
All peace is within me—and nothing to fear.  
Hurrah! for the woman who invented the milk diet.

All I have to do is to relax,  
And Father will pay the tax.

Thanks to you, Dear—and the milk diet.

“MRS. BIX.”

I had been a month on the milk diet—I can't say it did me much good. I was so glad to be in my own dear home, with my dear darling Sweethearts—my family. After a little time Florence finished school with the Sisters, on Western Avenue. We were glad to have her home with us, as the girls always enjoyed each other so much. Clarissa and Chester Vanderlip were friends. He was working in the Hollywood Bank. Within a short time Marie got acquainted with Bob White. Vanderlip and White boarded together across the street. Within a short time they both were calling on the girls quite often. It soon happened. Ida wanted to go to Indianola to make a visit, and Marie wanted a change of air, or to go some place. We told them both to get ready and go together to Nebraska, and they did.

They went to Indianola first, where they both were born and where their brother Will and family were still living. They had a nice time visiting—then they went on to Omaha, to visit with Uncle Pen and family, and while there Art Cullen came to see them. He and Ida were very good friends when they were children, but they had not seen each other since—but it did not take them long to get acquainted again. Marie and Billy (Art's brother) were soon acquainted—(and she told us when she came home she thought Billy was very nice, but she liked Bob White best). In a short time Marie wanted to come home, but Ida wasn't ready. Art's sister, Marguerite, would come with her, as Marguerite was very anxious to make the trip—so on came Marie, and we were glad to have her home with us again.

One night Frank came to stay all night with us, as his family were all away on a short visit, and this night I speak of we all went to the picture show, down the street. After the show we all came home together and had been in the house just a few minutes when Clarissa discovered that she had lost her brooch. She said, "Oh! Mamma, I have lost my pin."

"Well, well," I said, "let us all go and look for it."

It was dark, and what lights we had on the streets were very poor. Frank and I walked together, and the girls together, looking, looking, looking. Frank and I went into the picture show and told the ticket agent what we had lost, and he said he thought it would be found when the room was cleaned, and if it was he would let us know. We all went home looking for the pin. Frank and I were walking together; just below Mrs. Donken's home (the first house south of ours) that wonderful "voice" told me to "Pick it up." I reached over and picked up a piece of dirt, as I thought it was, but when I looked into my hand—there the pin was. I had no idea I was going to pick up Clarissa's pin, for I did not see it. I remember that this "voice" has spoken to me before, as I have written of—it seems wonderful to me—wonderful.

Within a short time Ida and Marguerite Cullen came home. Ida was real well and very happy. She was engaged to Art Cullen. She and Art had written of this before she came home, and Art had asked for her. Ida was very anxious for me to see her beautiful platinum engagement ring. It was very nice, and Ida was very happy. She and Art had planned to get married within a year, at the Hollywood Church, if Papa and I were willing.

Well, all the girls were having a nice jolly time. Clarissa was going with Vanderlip, Marie with Bob—Bob was in the auto business. Van and Bob boarded across the street; it was very convenient for all. The boys would call every Sunday evening, and very often during the week. They would go to the third floor and dance. Marguerite Cullen enjoyed dancing very much. We had a piano player, and someone had to do the pumping, and very often I would do that. We all enjoyed the house so much. Ida was thinking of her wedding day, and making and doing things of all sorts.

When Papa and I were in Ireland, Ida had painted me a beautiful set of dishes. They were very beautiful, and I was very proud of them. And Ida had painted some very nice vases. Within a short time Clarissa and Marie commenced to paint china. They did very well, too. They were all great workers, and anxious to be busy at something. Papa and I had thought Ida would never leave us, but it seemed she was going soon. It made me sad to think of her leaving—our dear darling little girl that we loved so, but she seemed to be so happy thinking about it. At last the time came to buy her wedding dress—that is, the material. She asked Clarissa and me to select it. We went to Robinson's and bought a beautiful cream white satin—rather heavy, and beautiful chinchilla trimming; and after a time Katherine came to make the dress. It was time for Marguerite Cullen to go home, and she wanted Clarissa to go with her. Clarissa was not very anxious to go, but we thought the change would be good for her. After thinking it over a



Ida M. Dolan, Jr.-Cullen and Arthur Cullen



Edwin P. Clark and Florence Dolan Clark

short time she decided to go. Well, they were gone, and we missed them.

Now the World War was being talked of, and within a short time "Vanderlip" came over to tell us that he was going to enlist. And Paul had just finished his medical course and was getting ready to practice. He had decided on Livermore, California. Ida's and Art's wedding was soon to be. Clarissa came home and was ready to do everything that was to be done. After she had been home a day or so, she told me she had something wonderful to tell us all, and it was this—she and Billy Cullen were engaged to be married soon. Well we were surprised. She said, "Now I must send word to 'Van'"; so she did. Poor Van—he was getting ready for this terrible "World War." He was very much disappointed in Clarissa, poor boy. I could write a lot about this, but let us forget. Within a short time nothing more was said.

Ida's wedding day soon to be, the Cullen family came to our home two weeks before the day (the 9th of January, 1917). Mrs. Cullen, Art, Billy, Denny, were there. Ida and Clarissa were very busy entertaining the company. Marie was not very well; she had a terrible cold and sore mouth, but she never gave up but kept on keeping the house in order and having something good to eat. Ito was doing her best also. We had one large dancing party before the wedding, on the third floor. They all seemed to enjoy it very much. The 9th of January came at last. Ida was up early, with all her sisters, dressing for the wedding. They were married by Father Hays, at the Blessed Sacrament Church, on Hollywood Boulevard, at nine o'clock, came home for breakfast, and there were

thirty guests. We had colored help to serve the breakfast, and everything was served very nicely. Soon after breakfast Ida changed her wedding gown for her traveling suit—her trunks were all packed and she was ready to leave us. I felt terribly, but I must bear it, and I did. They were on their way to Omaha. Art was in the auto business there.

Within a short time all the Cullen family left us, then we were alone. Oh! how we did miss Ida. (Oh! Ida, our darling child.) She wrote to us almost every day—that she and Art were so happy. Ida knew how to keep house, and enjoyed it. She was real well and did all her work. Art thought she was a fine cook. During the summer Art and Ida moved into a new apartment. Ida was to furnish it, and she was very anxious for Clarissa to come and help her. Clarissa was a very good little helper. She had always helped Ida with everything all her life, and now she must surely help her, and on she went and Ida was so glad to have her come, to help and manage everything for her, and the new apartment was furnished very nicely, and Ida was delighted and happy with it all.

Within a short time Clarissa came home. The World War was on, or just commencing. All our boys had to go, unless there was something very important to keep them at home. Our son Paul was all through with the medical college, and was ready for business, and now he had to go to war. Just the same thing happened to so many of our boys all over the United States of America. Clarissa had a very nice letter from Billy, telling of his enlistment and getting ready to go, and Bob White, Marie's lover, had enlisted and was to be sent to Omaha within a short time. Bob was



Clarissa  
Florence

Marie  
Ida

spending as much of his time as possible with Marie. One morning Papa and I took a ride in the Packard. When we came home, it was about eleven o'clock, Marie came out to meet us. She said, "Say Papa, may Bob and I take the machine down town? We want a ride and we will have lunch down town some place."

Marie looked so sweet. Papa said, "Of course you can." She and Bob drove off, "happy as two big sun-flowers." We, the ones that were left at home, had lunch, and after lunch Papa and I went to the picture show. Clarissa was busy with some sewing that she was anxious about getting finished. Just a short time before Papa and I came home, Bob and Marie drove in. They put the machine in the garage, and came into the back door. Bob went upstairs the back way, and Marie came on through to the front stairs. Clarissa was sitting in the "living room" sewing. As Marie was going upstairs she looked into the room and saw Clarissa and said, "Hello, Sweetheart" and went on upstairs. Within a short time Clarissa heard Marie and Bob leave the house by the back way, but thought nothing of it. Within a few minutes Papa and I came in. We went upstairs to take off our wraps and get ready for dinner. I washed my hands and went to the dresser to brush my hair. As I took up the hair brush I noticed a note pinned onto the pincushion. As I was unpinning it I knew it was from Marie. "My goodness! now what?" (She had written it just before she and Bob left the house.) This is it:

"Dearest Mother, Father, Clare and Flop, I am loving you all harder this minute than ever before. Bob and I simply couldn't endure it any longer, so we were married at the Bishop's house

by Father Cauley this afternoon, at three o'clock. Virginia and Luke were with us. We will be happy always—if you are.

Lovingly,

MARIE."

"We will always love you, and we hope and pray you will do the same. BOB."

Papa and I read the letter together, then we sat down and cried. But within a few minutes we wiped our eyes and thought of the time when we did the very same way—but so many years before—we had forgotten. Well, we wiped our tears away and went downstairs together and out to dinner. Clarissa, Florence and Florence DeViney were at the table waiting for Papa and me. We all had our dinner together. The girls were talking and full of fun, but Papa and I were rather quiet. After we all had finished, I said, "Well, girls, would you like to hear some wonderful news?"

They all said, "Oh! yes, do tell us."

"Well," I said, "I have it to tell, and it is this, Marie and Bob are married."

"Oh! Mamma, how do you know they are?" Clarissa asked. "They were here this afternoon and left just a little while ago."

"Well," I said, "I found this letter on the bureau, and Papa and I read it together just before we came down. We thought it best not to tell you girls until you had finished your dinner. Now you can read Marie's and Bob's letter—here it is."

I handed the letter to Clarissa and she read it, then she gave it to Florence. Clarissa cried, and

Florence cried too, then Papa and I—we all cried together. We knew Marie had gone. Of course she would be coming home whenever she could, but she was Bob's wife and they would have a home of their own. I was lonesome; I had not thought of her leaving us so soon and of course it was a shock. Bob was not a Catholic, but we thought he would become a Catholic before they were married, and I think he would if they had waited until Bob knew more about the Catholic religion.

Well, the next day after they were married, Marie phoned home and told us they were at Riverside, stopping at the Mission Inn. Within a few days they came home, as happy as they could be, and soon found a lovely apartment, all furnished, just a little way from us. We were all together as much as possible.

Within a short time all the young men were called to enlist for the World War. Bob enlisted, and also Paul. Bob was sent to Omaha, Nebraska, and Paul to San Diego. Marie went with Bob to Omaha. She stayed with Ida and Art all summer. Veronica and her mother went to San Diego to make Paul a visit, and while they were there Paul was ordered to France, and then before Paul left, he and Veronica were married. Veronica and her mother came back to Livermore, California, to their home, and Paul left for France. Billy Cullen, Clarissa's lover, was sent to a camp in Kansas for his training. All of U. S. A., as well as other countries, were getting ready for a fearful war. We all were worried and grieved our boys were leaving us, and some of them never to return.

After a time Bob's regiment was ordered to Newport News, Virginia, then Marie came home, and

within a short time after Marie left Omaha Ida was taken sick with that awful "flu" and Papa and I were sent for. We were with her as soon as possible. We found her very sick, but within a short time she commenced to get better and improved nicely. Before Papa and I left Florence came to be with her. She was attending College at Notre Dame, Indiana, and this was Christmas time. It was very convenient for Florence to come and stay during the Christmas Holidays and we were so happy to leave Florence with Ida. Papa and I came on home.

The 11th of November, 1918, the war came to the end—"Thank God"—and the boys that had lived through were sent home. Our dear, dear boys—"Thank God" but Oh! so many did not come home—"Lord have mercy." Just before Papa and I left Omaha, Bob came on his way home, but no one at home knew he was coming. Clarissa told me about this. She said the evening he came she and Marie were at home sitting before the fire in the big fireplace, reading. All at once Clarissa said, "Oh! say, Marie, I have a feeling right now that Bob is coming home tonight." Marie looked up, all excited, and said, "Clarissa, have you heard anything about his coming?"

"Not a word," Clarissa said, "but I have that feeling," and within a few minutes they heard Bob whistle. Marie jumped up and screamed, and said, "There he is now," and ran to the door, and there he was. Such a loving time they did have—united again, thank God.

Papa and I soon came home. Florence had gone back to Notre Dame to school. We heard from Ida and Art almost every day. Within a short time we

had a letter from Art, saying Ida didn't seem as well as when we were there, and the doctor told him he thought he had better bring her home to us, and they came. Our dear darling child, how we all loved her, and so glad that Art had brought her home to us, and she was more than glad. She looked so happy. I thought the change would make her well, but no—they came home the 9th of January (their wedding day anniversary). They had been married two years. She slowly grew worse. We all did all we could for her and called several doctors, but she was going to leave us. Father Malaise called to see her several times. At last he gave her the "last sacrament," and the time had come for her to go. She asked for Mamma—I was there—she wanted to kiss me goodbye. We kissed goodbye forever in this world, then she looked up and she looked so sweet and happy, and raised her hands, like she was meeting some loved one, and the loved one took her away—she was gone. Her hands dropped down, and her breath stopped. Oh! our dear darling—"Lord have mercy"—I know "Thy will be done." She had always been a dear darling daughter, and *God* knows it—thank God. Poor Art boy, he was heart broken. He loved her, he loved her. Our good dear friends were with us, and after a time she was dressed in her wedding gown—she looked beautiful. We laid her away in Calvary Cemetery. Please, dear Lord, have mercy on her.

After a time of sadness, Art thought he must go back to Omaha to attend to business, and while he was packing up he asked me if he might have one of Ida's wedding slippers, and her light green dress that he had always loved. I was pleased he wanted them.

He put them on the bed and spread some beautiful sweet peas over them, then after a time he put them all in his trunk. He soon left us. Ida died the 4th of April, 1919 (I am writing this six years after). Art is living in Omaha with his mother and sister. He is still one of my boys, and his letters are always nice and I love to receive them. As the saying is, "Time and tide wait for no one," and it is truly so.

After Ida's death we tried to go on and do our best—the best we could. Paul was still in France, but he was well, thank God. Florence was still in school at Notre Dame. We did not let her know that Ida was so seriously sick, as we thought she might live longer than she did, so Florence did not know the end was so near, and when we had to send her word of her sister's death it was pitiful, for Florence was so shocked she was prostrated. I think we made a mistake not to have Florence come home, but we made many mistakes, but they were just mistakes.

Marie and Bob bought a nice house and lot in Santa Ana, and furnished it nicely, and they were very happy, and Clarissa was getting ready for her wedding day, the 29th of July, 1919—just a very quiet wedding—only the Dolan family. Billy Cullen came to Hollywood the day before the wedding day. Clarissa drove down to the train to meet him, then they went to the hotel and had dinner together, then came home.

The next morning we were all up early. Clarissa was dressed in cream white satin, trimmed in Coreck-macross lace that I had brought from Dublin, Ireland, just for Clarissa. It was all very beautiful. A large automobile was at the door ready to take us all to the church. We were there, and Clarissa on the arm of

her father walked up the aisle, and met Billy at the altar, and her father gave her hand—gave her away to Billy. And there they were married by Father Hays, the same priest who had married Ida and Art. After Mass we all came home and had breakfast together. Some little time after breakfast Clarissa changed her wedding gown for a cream white silk suit and they drove our Packard to Riverside, where they spent four days. They came home and drove in just as the Angelus was ringing, at six o'clock. They were very happy, and said they had had a lovely time at Mission Inn. The next morning they left for Omaha. Clarissa was dressed in a dark blue suit. Oh! I felt terribly to see her go. Billy said, "Now, Mrs. Dolan, don't feel bad, for we both are coming back soon."

Within a short time Florence went back to Notre Dame to school, and we were alone. Clarissa wrote to me every day. They were living in a very nice apartment and had it all furnished nicely. Billy had bought "Clare," as he always called her, a beautiful Mason & Hamlin baby grand piano. It was lovely for Clarissa, for she loved to play and sing for Billy. They were very happy.

In October Papa and I took a trip to Omaha. I stayed with Clarissa and Papa went on to Iowa to make some short visits with a few old Grand Army friends. Then after a time I went to Webster City to visit my Cousin Ella Moore Lane, and Papa came there and we had a nice visit with my cousin's family, then came back to Omaha and stayed a few days with Clarissa, and a few days with Brother Pen, then home—our home—"No place like home."

As time went on some things were being done all the time. Papa was busy with his real estate business, and I was busy in the home, keeping everything in order. The girls had always done this for me, but my girls were all gone now. Oh! how I missed them (my dear darlings). Frank had made it a practice to come to our house every Monday for lunch, for years. We thought that was lovely. He hardly ever missed, and the children were all lovely about coming to see us. They all seemed to enjoy it.

At last Christmas was here. The weather was nice—sun shining, grass green and trees beautiful. Our paved streets were lovely. Could ride for miles and miles without any trouble. We had a new machine, a rather small closed Cadillac; it was very nice, and Papa drove and I enjoyed it so much. At last I had written my last letter to Clarissa, and she had written her last letter to me, saying, “Now Mamma, Billy and I leave for dear old home tomorrow—I have the tickets. I would not let Billy buy them, I was afraid he might make some mistake, so I have them, and we have to leave tomorrow (Wednesday) and get to Los Angeles Friday. Oh! thank God, I am so glad—I am so glad I am going home. Oh! Mamma, I have so much to tell you—I haven’t written it, for I did not want to put it on paper—too wonderful—I just want to tell you, my dear loving Mother—now bye, bye. I will be with you Friday.” Oh! Papa and I were so happy—Clarissa would soon be with us, and Billy was coming too—how lovely. I was rushing around getting the house in order, and telling Ito what to bake—Oh! we all were so happy—Clarissa was coming! Clarissa was

coming! My dear darling—Oh! how I have missed her. Oh! I am so glad, so glad she is coming. Thursday night a telegram came. It was from Billy. It read, "Clarissa is sick. Will stop at Ogden. Will let you know how she is in the morning." Oh! how surprised and disappointed we were, but I was sure she would soon be better. We received a telegram in the morning saying, "Clare is no better, come at once." Oh! God, have mercy.

We, Papa and I, left on the first train, and took a nurse with us, as Billy had asked us to do, as nurses were hard to get in Ogden. We were on our way, and Oh! so anxious all the time. It is a long way from Los Angeles to Ogden. Well, the night before we arrived in Ogden, we received a telegram from Frank, that Billy had sent to him. "Clarissa was dead." "Oh! God! Dear Father in heaven, help me." It seemed it was a good thing I could cry, for I did cry—for hours. I think it saved my life. I must go on and do God's will. I had no idea she was going to die. Oh! my darling, Lord help me. I prayed and prayed, Lord help me, and He did of course. We were in Ogden at last—now I must be brave. I swallowed my grief as much as possible. Mr. Kelly and his son met us at the train. He and Papa were partners in the banking business in Nebraska for several years before this. They were so good and kind, but his wife was sick with this awful "flu" and we did not go to his home, but he took us to the hospital where Billy was stopping, and where Clarissa had died. We went to Billy's room. He was still in bed crying, crying—poor Billy—we cried together. At last I said, "Now Billy, this will do no good"—this seemed terrible—"but

Billy, 'the Lord's will be done'—He knows best, and we must try to do our best. Please, dear Lord, help us."

Within a short time Art came. He was so good to help us all. Well, I went on and selected everything for Clarissa's burial. Her trunk had gone on to Hollywood. We had to buy all new things. It was hard to do—Oh! so hard, but I was the only one to do it. My dear darling sweetheart Clarissa, there is nothing too hard for me to do for you. At last everything was done, and we were on our way home in Hollywood. Billy said when Clarissa was dying she was talking to Ida—of course Ida came for her.

We were soon at home, and our friends were with all the family at the home, and Clarissa was buried beside Ida. "Oh! Lord have mercy on us all." I can't write any more about this—I have told you a little of what happened. I must go on and try to do my best. Billy and Art stayed with us a few days, then they both went back to Omaha. Florence was away to school at Notre Dame. Of course we sent her word that Clarissa had died. Poor child, she was prostrated, it was such a shock. We thought it best for her not to come home for the funeral—poor child, it was terrible for her, but we thought it would not be quite so hard for her if she was not here to see all the sadness, but I don't know—I know my judgment was not very good at that time.

Well, we all lived through, and time went on. Many things were happening all the time. The last of June Florence came home and was with us during the summer.

When fall came we were rather anxious for her to go back to Notre Dame, but she thought she could not go so far away from home any more. "Please don't send me—Ida and Clarissa are both gone. When I heard that Clarissa was dead I almost lost my mind—I could not believe it. I cried for three days—the Mother had a nurse for me and kept me in bed until I was better. No, Mamma, I cannot go so far away from home again." After talking it all over we gave it up. She was our last child. While we were very anxious for her to be educated in some of the finest schools, we had to give it up, and try to be happy. Our home was so large and empty. Papa was busy with his real estate business, and all our children were busy with work of their own.

Florence and I were trying to go on and have a home for us three—Papa, Florence and me. At last I was taken very sick—sick for several weeks. At last the time came when I was expected to leave this world. The children were called home and Father Malaise was sent for. He gave me the "last sacrament," then I came back. I looked at Father Malaise and knew him—the good Lord had sent me back to be with my good husband, and keep a home for him and Florence. I soon was better and up at last, but not very strong, but I tried to go on and do my best. After some little time Florence wanted to go to Flagstaff to make Clarence's family a visit. I was so much better, and I had Ito. I thought the change would be good for her, so she was gotten ready and on she went. She wrote us that she was having a lovely time. Marguerite's brother was there working for Clarence, and he was very glad to have Florence there.

He and Florence had known each other a long time before this, but at last they were engaged to be married.

After a short time Florence came home with a beautiful engagement ring. We were surprised, and I was disappointed. I would like to have had Florence stay with me always. I thought I might keep one, out of ten, but it seemed it was not to be.

At last the wedding day was appointed, and Florence's wedding dress and veil were all ready, and all the wedding plans "from start to finish" were ready. Leone was there to help with everything, and a dear good helper she was. Florence's four nieces, Geraldine, Isabel, Elizabeth and Frances, and Florence Deviney, Florence's friend, were the bride's maids, and Father Malaise married Florence and Ed., July 26, 1922, at St. Victor's Church, Sherman, California. After the marriage Father Malaise and all the Clark family came to our home for breakfast. Some little time after breakfast our friends left us, then Florence and Ed. drove off to enjoy their honeymoon.

They were gone a few days, and while they were gone Papa and I drove down to Anaheim and bought a very nice little house and furnished it for them. They were soon home and living in their little home, but after looking the town over Ed. did not find the work he wanted in Anaheim, so of course they were not satisfied with the location. Clarence had just come from Flagstaff and was going into the lumber business in Los Angeles, and he was anxious for Ed. to work for him. At last Ed. bought a house and lot near this lumber yard, and they were soon in this new home and very happy.

Papa and I were left alone in our big home. I was so lonely. It almost broke my heart to see Florence go, but I was so glad she was coming back and I hoped she and Ed. would always live near us.

One evening, the first of February, 1924, Papa came home from a meeting of the G. A. R. He was not feeling well, but he came to the dining room with us all to eat his dinner, but within a few minutes he excused himself and said he would lie down. He looked sick. I phoned for a doctor and after a time he came. He gave him a treatment. The next day he was worse, then Doctor Clarke came and ordered a nurse. He was very sick, and not expected to live. He had pneumonia. One doctor told us he could not live, but Doctor Clarke thought he would live—and she was right. In a month he was getting better—thank God—he is still with us, and now he is well again—thank God! thank God!

Hollywood was growing all the time, and is still growing.

Art Cullen was out and made us a visit, and Judge Stuart was with us for a few days. One Friday morning I received a letter from Billy (Clarissa had been gone four years). We had always written to each other since Clarissa's death—but I want to tell you about this letter, this very important letter. It was a special delivery letter, and it commenced like this:

“My dear Mrs. Dolan: I have something very important to tell you. I am sure you will think it is all right, for we have written to each other of my getting married again—and now I am to be married next week, to a widow, and this girl I speak of, Mrs. Winship, lives in Hollywood, and not very far from your

home. She will come to see you tomorrow (Saturday) and tell you all about it."

Well, "Holy Smoke!"—I was surprised, for I had not heard one word about this. Well "tomorrow" came, and she came too. I was looking for her and met her at the door. I said, "How do you do, my little girl" (she was smaller than Clarissa)—"I am so glad you have come to see me. I just received Billy's letter yesterday, telling me everything. I was so surprised."

"Yes," she said, "I knew you would be surprised, and perhaps shocked, but I hope you will like me, and think it is all right. I have been married before and my husband died five years ago with that awful 'flu.' I have two little boys. My mother will keep them until we are married, then she will bring them to us."

I said, "Yes, my dear, I was shocked and surprised, for I had heard nothing until I received Billy's letter yesterday, but I think I will like you—come and sit down and let us talk things over." So we did, and I liked her. I took her through the house; I wanted her to see where Clarissa had lived, and as we came through the dining room I asked her to look at some of Clarissa's painted china. As she was looking she said, "Haven't you a little piece you can send to Billy?"

"Yes, I have," I said. "I would like Billy to have this jelly jar that Clarissa painted. I know he likes to eat a little jelly with every meal, and it would be so nice if he could take it out of this jelly jar," and she thought so too. I wrapped the jelly jar in some tissue paper and gave it to her, with all my love. I told her that I would pray that she would live long and be happy. I knew Billy's love for Clarissa would never die, but he knew and realized that she had gone on, and while he

was here he wanted a home and some good woman for his wife. "He wrote me," I told her, "that you reminded him of Clarissa, and *I* can see the resemblance. I am so glad he has found you." Within a short time she was gone. It seemed while she was there that Clarissa was there too, and Clarissa wanted me to be very nice and sweet to her, and it was not hard for me to be. It seemed well for Billy that he had found someone to help him on the road of life.

Well, the next day was Sunday, and Papa and I went to seven o'clock Mass, and as we were coming out we met Mrs. Winship, Billy's intended new wife. I was surprised, for when I bid her goodbye yesterday I did not expect to see her again. I was glad to see her, and she seemed glad to see us, then I asked her to come and have dinner with us. She said she would be very glad to come, if it would be convenient for her mother to let her come. "When I go home I will ask Mother, then phone you." I told her that would be fine, and I surely hoped she could come. Papa and I went home, and as soon as possible I phoned to Marie, "Billy's new wife-to-be will be at our house for dinner today, and I want you and Bob and the babies to come and bring Florence and Ed."

Marie said, "Why, Mamma, what are you talking about?"

"Yes," I said, "it is true—Billy's new wife-to-be is going to be here, and I want you and Florence to help me stand the change."

"All right, Mamma, I will come."

Within a short time Mrs. Winship came. She looked so nice and sweet and I was glad to have her—it seemed that Clarissa was there too. Within a short time Bob



Francis H. Dolan



William A. Dolan



James W. Dolan, Jr.  
Died, August 12, 1897

and Marie and Florence and Ed. came. I met them at the door, and Marie looked distressed. She said to me in a whisper, "Oh! Mamma, why did she come?"

I said, "Now, Marie, I have a feeling that Clarissa is here too, and she wants us to be nice, very nice to Myrtle Winship, Billy's wife-to-be, and Billy would like to have us sweet and nice, so my dear child, let us all be happy as possible."

Marie's face changed, and she looked sweet and loving, and she said, "All right, Mamma, if you say so, so shall it be," and she and Florence and the boys went into the room and I introduced them. They all met Myrtle with a sweet loving voice.

Ito had a very nice dinner for us all, with orange blossoms for our table bouquet. We had a nice sweet time, and it seemed that Clarissa was there all the time, loving and sweet. Then after a time Myrtle's people came for her, and we bid her goodbye. The next morning she left for Omaha, Nebraska, and she arrived in Omaha Wednesday night, and stayed that night with her sister. The next day she and Billy, with their friends, went to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and were married. Billy wrote me all about it. They were soon housekeeping, and had Myrtle's two little boys, and Billy liked the little boys so much and was glad to have them.

Now I must tell a little about each one of our children and grandchildren.

Will is still in the banking business at Anaheim, Calif. Lulu and the family are all nice and have a lovely home. Geraldine plays the organ in the Catholic Church. Isabel is a beautiful daughter, and William



NAMES OF THOSE STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

Robert A. White, Marie's husband; Ed. Clark, Florence's husband; Helen Dolan, Clarence's daughter; Clarence Dolan; Marguerite Dolan, Clarence's wife; Geraldine Dolan, Will Dolan's daughter; Isabel Dolan, Will Dolan's daughter; Will Dolan; Lulu Dolan, Will Dolan's wife; William Dolan, Will Dolan's son; Michael Dolan, J. W. Dolan's brother; Carrie Dolan, Mike Dolan's wife; Frances Dolan Flynn, Frank Dolan's daughter; Mat Flynn, Frances' husband; Frank Dolan; George Cunningham, Elizabeth's husband; Elizabeth Dolan Cunningham, Frank Dolan's daughter; Veronica Concannon Dolan; Paul Dolan, M. D.

NAMES OF THOSE SITTING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

Bobbie A. White, Marie's son; Marie Dolan White; Jim White, Marie's son; Florence Dolan Clark; Clarissa, in her mother's arms; Anthony Clark, Florence's son; Theresa Dolan, Clarence's daughter; Mary Dolan, Clarence's daughter; Ann Dolan, Clarence's daughter; J. W. Dolan, Mrs. J. W. Dolan; Joe Dolan, Frank Dolan's wife; Roberta Dolan, Frank Dolan's daughter; James Joseph Dolan, Frank Dolan's son; Paul E. Dolan, Jr., Paul's son; James W. Dolan, Jr., Paul's son.

Picture taken October 26, 1925; J. W. Dolan's 80th birthday.

is growing fine, going to a Catholic school and learning very fast.

Frank and Josephine are lovely. Frank is very well-to-do. They have a very lovely home on 50th and Dalton Street, Los Angeles; then they have a lovely beach home also. Elizabeth and Frances are beautiful girls, going to school near San Francisco, at the school at San Rafael. Roberta, a lovely child, is going to a Catholic school in Redondo. Little Jimmie Joe, a lovely child, is not old enough for school.

Clarence and Marguerite have four beautiful daughters, going to a Catholic school in Los Angeles. Helen, the oldest, is fifteen, then Mary, Theresa and Little Ann—all lovely. Clarence is in the lumber business in Los Angeles.

Paul, Doctor Paul, and Veronica are still living in Livermore, California. Have a lovely little home and two wonderful little boys, Paul and Jamie. Paul is still doctoring the people and is very well liked.

Marie and Robert O. White are living in Anaheim—very happy—have three lovely little boys, Bobby, James and William. James was named for his Grandfather Dolan. Bob is in the auto business in Anaheim.

Florence and Ed. and their little family of one son, a lovely, bright chap, Anthony Joseph Clark, named for his Grandfather Clark, and a baby daughter, Clarissa Marie. They are living in their own little home, and Ed. is in the lumber business, with Clarence. Our children are all happily married and they all have bright, beautiful children. Papa and I talk of it so often, and we are so thankful.

*"Our dear Father in Heaven, we thank Thee."*



J. W. Dolan

Ida M. Hager Dolan

1926

MARRIED OCTOBER 4, 1876

*Just fifty years ago—we promised to be true;  
First came all love—then ten children dear—  
To fill our hearts with joy—then sickness and death—  
But with God's love—we are still true.*

# Hager-Dolan Genealogy

ABRAM TETER HAGER—CLARISSA LUCINDA MOORE  
Married March —, 1846

## *Their Children*

ORSON HAGER

Born July 14, 1847; Died April 5, 1919

FRANCES HAGER

Born July 14, 1849; Died December 26, 1898

ELIAS HAGER

Born February 14, 1856; Died March 4, 1877

IDA MARY HAGER

Born April 3, 1859

SPENCER ELSWORTH HAGER

Born February 28, 1861

LIBBIE LUCINDA HAGER

Born June 27, 1864

## *Ida Mary Hager's Father and Mother*

ABRAM TETER HAGER AND CLARISSA LUCINDA MOORE

Married in New York State, March, 1846

ABRAM TETER HAGER

Born October 26, 1826, at Cobelskill, New York State;

Died October 8, 1896, at Indianola, Nebraska

CLARISSA LUCINDA MOORE

Born September 22, 1826, at Chester, Massachusetts;

Died March 15, 1909, at Los Angeles, California

*James W. Dolan's Father and Mother*  
WILLIAM DOLAN AND CATHERINE WILSON  
Married in Ireland  
WILLIAM DOLAN

Born September 6, 1822, at Eniscorthy, Wexford  
County, Ireland; Died November 15, 1892, at  
Ossian, Iowa

CATHERINE WILSON  
Born in 1822 at Rosslare, Wexford County, Ireland;  
Died September 1, 1860, at Lyons, Iowa

JAMES WILSON DOLAN AND IDA MARY HAGER  
Married October 4, 1876  
Chicago, Illinois

by  
Rev. D. M. J. Dowling

*Children of James Wilson Dolan and Ida Mary Hager  
Dolan*

*Births*

*First Child*—JAMES WILSON DOLAN, JR.

Born June 20, 1877, at Exeter, Nebraska

*Second Child*—WILLIAM ABRAM DOLAN

Born November 5, 1878, at Exeter, Nebraska

*Third Child*—FRANCIS HAGER DOLAN

Born June 23, 1880, at Exeter, Nebraska

*Fourth Child*—JOSEPH CLARENCE DOLAN

Born November 7, 1881, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Fifth Child*—IDA MARY DOLAN

Born May 20, 1885, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Sixth Child*—CLARISSA CATHERINE DOLAN

Born May 6, 1886, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Seventh Child*—PAUL EGAN DOLAN

Born November 8, 1887, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Eighth Child*—MARIE DOLAN

Born August 7, 1891, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Ninth Child*—LEO LAWRENCE DOLAN

Born August 10, 1895, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Tenth Child*—FLORENCE AGNES DOLAN

Born June 27, 1899, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Marriages*

WILLIAM ABRAM DOLAN AND LULU WARE BEARDSLEY

Married July 4, 1900, at Indianola, Nebraska

By Rev. Barrett

FRANCIS HAGER DOLAN AND JOSEPHINE WARE

HAPPERSETT

Married November 19, 1902, at Los Angeles, California

By Rev. Clifford

JOSEPH CLARENCE DOLAN AND MARGUERITE CLARK

Married September 4, 1909, at Los Angeles, California

By Rev. Glass

IDA MARY DOLAN AND ARTHUR CULLEN

Married January 9, 1917, at the Blessed Sacrament

Church, Hollywood, California

By Rev. John J. Hays

MARIE DOLAN AND ROBERT O. WHITE

Married March 20, 1918, at the Bishop's House,

Los Angeles, California

By Rev. John Cauley

PAUL EGAN DOLAN AND VERONICA CONCANNON

Married June 22, 1918, at San Diego, California

By Rev. Father More

CLARISSA CATHERINE DOLAN AND THOMAS WILLIAM  
CULLEN

Married July 29, 1919, at the Blessed Sacrament  
Church, Hollywood, California

By Rev. John J. Hays

FLORENCE AGNES DOLAN AND EDWIN PAUL CLARK

Married July 26, 1922, at St. Victor Church, Sherman,  
near Hollywood, California

By Rev. Father Malaise

*William Abram Dolan and Lulu Ware Beardsley Dolan*  
*Children*

GERALDINE ELIZABETH DOLAN

Born May 13, 1901, at Indianola, Nebraska

ISABEL MARIE DOLAN

Born August 9, 1904, at Indianola, Nebraska

WILLIAM JAMES DOLAN

Born May 28, 1916, at Indianola, Nebraska

*Francis Hager Dolan and Josephine Ware Happersett*  
*Dolan*

*Children*

ALICE ELIZABETH DOLAN

Born October 15, 1903, at O'Keene, Oklahoma

FRANCES PAULINE DOLAN

Born May 8, 1905, at Los Angeles, California

MARY ROBERTA DOLAN

Born August 28, 1917, at Los Angeles, California

JAMES JOSEPH DOLAN

Born September 28, 1920, at Los Angeles, California

*Joseph Clarence Dolan and Marguerite Clark Dolan*  
*Children*

HELEN MARGUERITE DOLAN

Born July 9, 1910

MARY VIRGINIA DOLAN

Born December 12, 1912

THERESA CATHERINE DOLAN

Born December 19, 1913

ANN ELIZABETH DOLAN

Born June 22, 1916

*Paul Egan Dolan, M. D., and Veronica Concannon*  
*Dolan*

*Children*

PAUL EGAN DOLAN, JR.

Born September 27, 1920, at Livermore, California

JAMES WILSON DOLAN, JR.

Born June 8, 1922, at Livermore, California

*Marie Dolan White and Robert O. White*

*Children*

ROBERT O. WHITE, JR.

Born September 7, 1920, at Santa Ana, California

JAMES RICHARD WHITE

Born September 11, 1922, at Anaheim, California

WILLIAM DOLAN WHITE

Born April 17, 1926, at Santa Ana, California

*Florence Agnes Dolan Clark and Edwin Paul Clark*

*Children*

ANTHONY JOSEPH CLARK

Born October 2, 1923, at Los Angeles, California

CLARISSA MARIE CLARK

Born August 28, 1925, at Los Angeles, California

### *Grandchildren Married*

ALICE ELIZABETH DOLAN AND GEORGE G. CUNNINGHAM  
Married June 30, 1925, at St. James Catholic Church,  
Redondo, California

By Rev. Father Stewart

FRANCES PAULINE DOLAN AND MATHEW P. FLYNN  
Married August 26, 1925, at Riverside, California

By Rev. Father Keating

### *Deaths*

JAMES WILSON DOLAN, JR.

Died August 12, 1897, at Lincoln, Nebraska

LEO LAWRENCE DOLAN

Died January 29, 1914, at 1621 Toberman Street,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

IDA MARY DOLAN CULLEN

Died April 4, 1919, at 1747 Las Palmas Ave.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

CLARISSA CATHERINE DOLAN CULLEN

Died February 2, 1920, at Ogden, Utah

James Wilson Dolan, Jr., is buried beside his uncle William H. Dolan, at Indianola, Nebraska. Leo Lawrence Dolan, Ida Mary Dolan Cullen and Clarissa Catharine Dolan Cullen are buried in Calvary Cemetery, Los Angeles.



# James Wilson Dolan

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1845 - 1876 - 1926







JAMES WILSON DOLAN  
BORN, 1845  
MARRIED, 1876  
FIFTIETH MARRIAGE ANNIVERSARY, 1926

## PART II.

### *A few incidents in the life of James Wilson Dolan*

My father, William Dolan, was born at Eniscorthy, Wexford County, Ireland. My mother, Catharine Wilson, was born at Rosslare in the same county. They were married at the church in the Parish of Tagoat, Rosslare, February 4th, 1842.

I was born October 26th, 1845. My parents were then living on the Vickery Estate where my father was foreman when he left Ireland for the United States about the year 1849, leaving my mother and four children, who followed and joined him in New York some twelve months afterward. The children were Mary E., James Wilson, Ann and William H.

My brother John T. was born on a farm where we made our first home in the United States, near the town of Wassaic in Dutchess County, New York. He was married to Lizzie Geris, to whom was born a large family. He is now living on a farm with his son John near Indianola, Nebraska.

My sister Ann died in 1864 at Lyons, Iowa.

My brother William died at McCook, Nebraska, in 1885.

Neither of these two had been married.

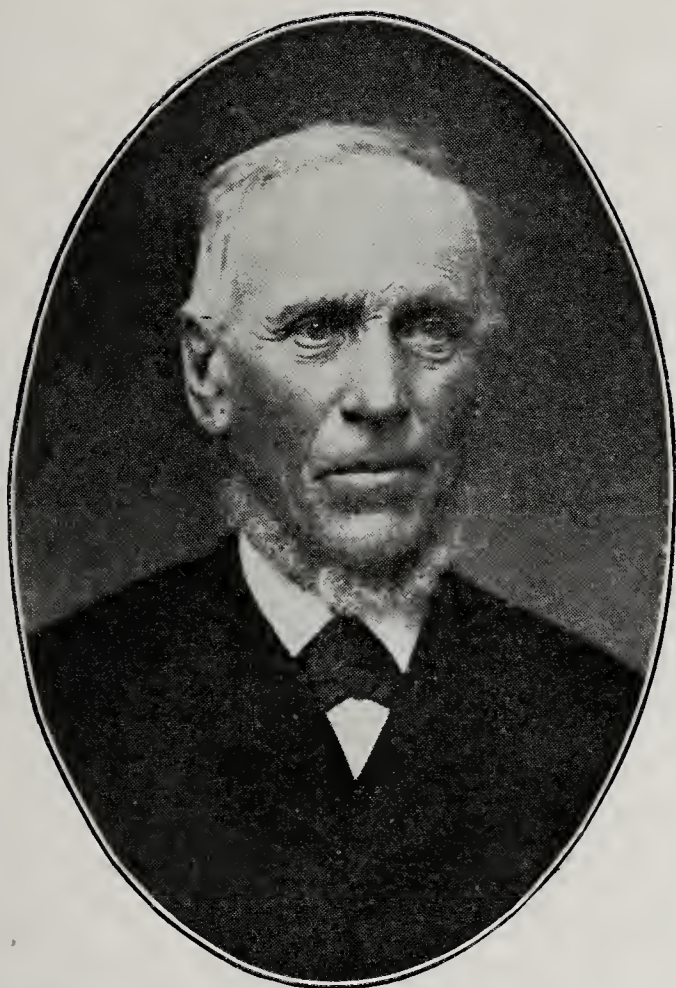
My sister Mary was married to a very good man named James C. Thomas at Burlington, Iowa. They had three children, William, Frank and Mae. Sister Mary died at Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1898. James C. Thomas is now living in Los Angeles, California. I do

not know the residence of the two boys, William and Frank. Mae, the only daughter, married a very nice young man, John Etherton. They are living at Lincoln, Nebraska, and have one son, Louis M., who has recently graduated from the Lincoln High School.

I do not remember of my father having a brother or sister. I knew only one relative of my mother, her sister Ann. She was my baptismal godmother, and was always kindly and motherly to me. She married a very excellent man, James Fowler, at Lyons, Iowa. At their home I was always most welcome, and their house was always my home, especially after the death of my own dear mother in 1860. I was always treated with the greatest kindness by my Aunt and Uncle Fowler. They both died some years ago at Exeter, Nebraska. They left two children, James and Anna, most excellent young people, who are now living, as they always have, on the old home farm, near Exeter, Nebraska. Neither of them has ever married.

After my mother's death, my father married a very excellent widow lady, Mrs. Julia Ireton. They moved from Lyons to Ossian, Iowa, where they improved and lived on a farm near that town until near the close of my father's life in 1892. His wife Julia also died at Ossian. They had one child, a son, Michael, who married a splendid young woman, Miss Carrie Collins. They have a home and are now living in Los Angeles, California, at 1345 West 91st Street.

Our first home in the United States was near the town of Wassaic, in Dutchess County, New York. In the year 1856 we moved to Clinton County, Iowa, and for a time lived on a farm some six miles west of the town of Comanche.



William Dolan, father of J. W. Dolan

I attended school from there one winter, walking nearly three miles. The school was kept in a one-room building. The teacher's name was Van Lew. My opinion of Mr. Van Lew is very high and I have thought of him as being the best instructor I ever knew.

During the summer of 1860 I worked on a forty-acre farm for a man named Dennis Lily, for which I received six dollars per month. This farm was located about ten miles northwest of the town of Lyons, Iowa. The following summer I was employed on a farm some four miles west of Lyons by a man whose name was George B. Pearce. For this term of service I received ten dollars per month. I enjoyed being with Mr. Pearce very much—attended the country school the following winter, doing chores on the farm for Mr. Pearce in payment for my room and board. However, I did not enjoy this school as much as that of Mr. Van Lew's—in fact, I have forgotten the name of the instructor. This school was also in a one-room building, where all grades were taught.

The following summer, 1862, I was employed on the farm of Mr. Daniel Hess, located about four miles west of the town of Clinton, Iowa, for which I was paid twelve dollars per month. On the 27th of July of that year, in company with Augustus Hess, nephew of Daniel Hess, I went down to Clinton, Iowa, to see the soldiers who were enlisting and getting ready for the war that was going on that time between the North and South. The result was Mr. Hess and I enlisted in Company C of the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry. Not having arranged with Mr. Hess, my employer, to leave him on short notice, I obtained permission from an

officer to return to the farm for a few days and help Mr. Hess finish the harvesting.

On the 6th of August, 1862, my company and regiment were mustered into the service of the United States for three years or during the war. On the 11th of August my regiment took the steamer "Henry Clay" on the Mississippi for the South. We reached St. Louis on the 13th of August, at night, and remained on the boat until the next day; then we marched up thru St. Louis to Benton Barracks. It was our first march—on a hot August day and carrying our knapsack and other belongings was not a very pleasant affair. After remaining in the barracks at St. Louis for a few days, in company with my regiment, I took a freight train west to Sedalia, Missouri. This was not a very pleasant trip, having no seats in the freight cars and hardly standing room and being on the train all night. After arriving at Sedalia the regiment was moved out on the prairie, near the station, where we formed in line and stacked arms.

Before leaving St. Louis I was told that it would probably be a long time before I would have an opportunity of getting anything very desirable in the way of food. So I procured some cakes, cookies and things of that kind which boys like and put them in my haversack, which was hung on the bayonet, where the arms were stacked, along with my accoutrements and knapsack. After making a survey of the surroundings, I seemed to have something of an appetite and decided I would try some of the good things in my haversack. When I returned to the place where I left my haversack, it and all the contents were missing! To be sure, I was greatly disappointed and never forgot the haver-

sack and its good contents. Some thirty-five years afterwards, while attending a banquet at a reunion of my regiment in the town of Knoxville, Iowa, I was called upon to make some remarks, during which I related some of my experiences in the war and especially the loss of my haversack, mentioning that I never found out who had gotten it—that I would like very much to know and see the man who had obtained my haversack. At the close of my talk, a man in the audience rose and said, "I'm the man that got your haversack." I thought perhaps it might be a joke on the part of this man, so I went to him after the meeting and asked if it were true that he was the man. He answered, "Yes, I got your haversack and its contents tasted mighty good."

After a few days at Sedalia, the regiment moved to Springfield, Missouri, where they arrived after a slow march in the hot August weather. Part of the time, I remember, water was scarce on the road and in a few instances we had to get along with water from the ponds, on which there was a pretty thick scum. Arriving at Springfield, my regiment was camped in a large earthen fort known as Fort No. 1, some little distance west of the town. On the 8th of January, 1863, the Confederate General Mermanduke undertook to capture the town as there was a large quantity of army supplies there at the time. The Union forces being rather limited, it was a question for a time whether Mermaduke would not succeed. My company, with two others, was supporting a piece of artillery and was ordered to a very dangerous place, getting into a lane with a stockade on one side and a cemetery on the other, in which the Confederates were very nu-

merous. All the horses on the gun were shot down and all the gunners were disabled and they did not succeed in discharging the gun at this place at all and it was left in possession of the Confederates. There were a number of officers killed, among whom was my Captain, Wm. R. Blue. Lt. Conway of Company C was badly wounded. The loss on the Union side was very severe here. The battle continued with uncertain results until night, when the Confederates retreated and left Springfield in possession of the Union forces.

In the spring of 1864, my company and regiment being located at Fort Smith, Arkansas, under command of General Steele, we were ordered to take the march towards South Arkansas to assist General Banks, who was then making a campaign on the Red River. After arriving at Camden, Arkansas, my regiment was sent with a few other troops and a train of some two hundred wagons into the country for forage and supplies. This was a distance of about eighteen miles from the base where the main army was stationed. When the train was pretty well loaded, the Confederates, estimated to be in the neighborhood of 10,000 to the Union's forces 1,000 captured the train and also quite a number of the Union men and the loss to the Union side was very heavy. Here at one time I stopped beside a tree to surrender, believing that all of us would be captured, but after resting a little while, crossed a nearby open field and landed in a swamp with some dozen others of the regiment. Here we remained into the night, not desiring to expose ourselves, as the enemy was so numerous in the vicinity. Later I, with my companions, undertook to reach Camden, where the army was camped. On account of the great

number of Confederates in the vicinity and on the roads, we dared not travel on any road, but had to go through the woods and across lots, which was very difficult and it was easy to go astray and get lost. One of the party was able to read the stars and so led us safely to our camp, where we arrived the following morning about sunrise.

This battle was on the 18th of April, 1864. General Banks having failed with his expedition, let all the Confederates in that part of the country free to attack Steele's army wherever they could be found. General Steele, therefore, proceeded northward to Little Rock. There was one quite severe battle on the way, at the crossing of the Saline River, known as Jenkins ferry.

After reaching Little Rock, my regiment made a forced march on to Fort Smith, at which place they remained until about the close of the war.

During the summer of 1865 I was stationed with my Company Commander, Capt. A. B. Conaway, at Van Buren, Arkansas, the said Commander acting as Commissary and Quartermaster of the post. I was his secretary and assisted in the business of handling the Commissary and Quartermaster supplies, preparing his accounts and final papers at the close of our term of service. I was a non-commissioned officer, most of my term, being mustered out as First Corporal of my company. Enlisting in my sixteenth year, it could hardly be expected that I would attain an official position of much prominence. Near the close of our term of service our Colonel wished to appoint me as Sergt.-Major of the regiment, but Captain Conaway needed me in his office and did not consent.

On the 20th of July, 1865, I was discharged from the army at Little Rock, Arkansas, and from there proceeded to Davenport, Iowa, where I was mustered out and paid off, having served exactly three years.

Returning to my former home, Lyons, Iowa, I again engaged with Mr. Pearce on the farm west of Lyons, where I remained but a few months, when I accepted a position with the mercantile firm of J. P. Gage & Son in the grocery business at Lyons. I remained with Mr. Gage nearly two years, when I accepted a position with the firm of W. T. Minchin, dealer in general merchandise in the same city.

Shortly afterwards I engaged in the grocery business, in a small way, in Lyons, having for my partner Mr. Michael Winters. The firm name was Winters & Dolan. The store was located on the north side of Main Street, a few doors west of Sixth Street. During harvest time that summer, business being rather poor and the opportunities for harvest hands being good, I determined to leave the store for a little while and get a job harvesting. This I accomplished, near the town of Clarence, Iowa. However, the grain was heavy and green and the weather was hot, so not being accustomed to heavy work of that kind, I think the latter part of the first day I became exhausted and was not able to throw the big bundles out of my way after I had bound them. But I stayed in the vicinity until the grain ripened, for about one month. After which time I returned to the store, having taken with me sixty dollars and gained some ten pounds in weight. So I was very well satisfied with my vacation.

In the beginning of 1869 I disposed of my interest in the store to Mr. Winters, contemplating the business

of farming, and moved to southwest Missouri. The trip was made by way of St. Louis, then to Sedalia. There was no railroad from Sedalia to Springfield, but having tramped over that road during the Civil War, I proposed to a young man who was with me that we make the trip to Springfield on foot, a distance of about 130 miles. So we continued on foot to Springfield, where we heard of the lead mine boom at Joplin, Missouri. We concluded to go on to Joplin, starting out from Springfield in the morning. After being on the road for a few miles it began to snow and my companion stopped in the road and said he believed he would go back to Springfield. So we parted—he returned to Springfield, I continued on the road towards Joplin.

I had not parted from him very long until I inquired if the farmers in that vicinity needed any help. I was informed of a Mr. S. F. Gibson by whom I was employed until about the middle of August, 1869, when I decided to return to Iowa.

My first step was at Albia, where I found my friend and army comrade, Thos. B. Stuart. Not finding any desirable occupation at Albia, I continued west on the Burlington R. R., stopping at some of the towns and seeking employment. Not being successful, I began to get somewhat discouraged, when I came to a gang of men working on a dirt train, used for building the railroad which was being extended westerly. I inquired of the men on the train if they thought I could get work with them on the road, shoveling dirt. They said they thought I could. As the train stopped at Corning, one of the men pointed to some, to me, rather uninviting boarding shanties, around which

were playing a number of dirty-faced children. He said: "That's where we board." I decided then not to try that until I made another effort to get something else to do.

After looking over Corning, I was encouraged to think I would get a position with a lumber firm, Millard Beymer & Company, with whom I became engaged, after a few days, living for a time with the family of Mr. A. M. Beymer.

At Corning I met an old army comrade, Mr. John F. Evans. We had a very pleasing meeting, reciting our army experiences and past life. While at Corning I formed the acquaintance of a very fine young man, James E. Seeley. We became very much attached to each other and our acquaintance was most agreeable from the beginning of our meeting. His former home had been Poughkeepsie, New York. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister. There were some coincidences in our lives. He lived in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York. I had lived in the same state, in another part of the same county. He had gone to southeast Missouri nearly at the same time I went to southwest Missouri and we both came to Corning at nearly the same time. Without any agreement, we both lived near each other in Nebraska for some time. Our acquaintance matured into quite an extensive business arrangement in the matter of placing money on Western farms. Our fond friendship continued during his life, which ended, it seemed to me, all too soon, as he died in the spring of 1902.

I left Corning, Adams County, Iowa, February 1st, 1871, reaching Lincoln, Nebraska, the same day. After learning about Government land at the United

States Land Office at Lincoln, and that the first location where there was plenty of Government land was Fillmore County, I staged to Crete, the Burlington at that time extending no farther west than Lincoln.

Arriving at Crete, in company with John F. Evans, an old army comrade, I travelled on foot westward, following the grade stakes of the railroad. I reached the comfortable home of Warren Woodard in the evening, where I spent the night and the following day, looking at the Government lands in the vicinity, under the guidance of Mr. Woodard. I selected for my homestead the Northeast Quarter of Section 20, Township 8, Range 1 West. I then walked back to Crete, and took stage to Lincoln, where at the United States Land Office I made a homestead filing on the above land, and preempted in the name of my brother William the northwest quarter of the same section. This about February 20, 1871.

On the 13th of April I purchased at Lincoln lumber to build a house on the homestead. It was all hauled from Lincoln to the land in one wagon load, with one team of horses. The total cost of the lumber, one window and one door was \$43. The hauling cost \$12. The size of the house was 12 x 14 feet. Siding boards were used for the roof, being less expensive than shingles. The hardware cost \$3. A young Englishman, Wm. Haines, assisted in the building, he being the principal builder in the neighborhood at the time. Probably the entire cost of the house was \$65. A box bed of boards was built in one corner of the one-room dwelling. An empty nail keg and a soap box were used for seats. These along with the small board table included the furniture.

The black crickets were quite plentiful during the summer and entered the houses in large numbers. They enjoyed roosting on and chewing my clothes during the night. It was my custom before dressing in the morning to give the clothes a good shaking, to dislodge the crickets. One morning while performing this daily stunt, I disturbed a good-sized rattlesnake that had entered through the floor during the night via an accommodating knot-hole, and Mr. Snake replied to the shaking of the clothes with his rattle-box in no uncertain sound, so Mr. Snake had to be disposed of the first thing that morning. Rattlesnakes were not as plentiful as crickets, but they were too numerous for comfort much of the time during the first few years in the settler's experience.

My farming outfit consisted of one yoke of oxen, costing \$135, one second-hand farm wagon, \$70, one 12-inch breaking plow, \$29, and a limited supply of hand tools, spade, ax, hammer, etc.

My brother William and I dug a well some forty odd feet deep to provide water, and broke up some thirty acres of prairie on our own two claims during the spring. This was mostly planted to corn, which notwithstanding the extreme dry season, grew and did fairly well and helped to inspire confidence, there being at that time much discouragement and doubt as to the country's future. Some hay was cut in the slough; this was done with an Armstrong mower (scythe). The corn was also cut and saved with the hay for feed. This all came handy the following winter.

During the summer, for lack of work at home, I sometimes walked to Crete, twenty-five miles, where

I obtained work, assisting in the unloading of lumber, for which I was paid one dollar per car load.

During the summer of 1871 the B. & M. R. R. was extended from Lincoln to Hastings. Through the efforts of Dr. H. G. Smith and myself the Lincoln Land Company located the town of Exeter on our land. My having served in the army, in Company C, 18th Iowa, in which company Dr. D. N. Smith, the Townsite Locator, had served as Captain and later as Chaplain of the regiment, perhaps helped a little towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object.

I wrote and circulated the petition that brought about the establishment of the Exeter post office, and of the appointment of Dr. H. G. Smith, Postmaster of the new town. I also assisted in the organization of the Exeter School District, building the first school house, and served as Director on the School Board most of the time during my nine years residence.

In the fall of 1871, the new town being located, I disposed of most of my farm apparatus and engaged in merchandising with Dr. H. G. Smith as a partner. Together we erected the first building in the new town, the lower room of which was used as a store and post office. The upper room was used as a public hall, church and generally for the accommodation of the neighborhood.

Later I disposed of my interests in the store to Dr. Smith and engaged in the lumber and grain business, erecting one of the best modern grain elevators on the Burlington Line.

On the 4th of October, 1876, I was married to Ida M., the second daughter of Mr. A. T. Hager, who was

also one of the early pioneers, and the first Treasurer of Fillmore County.

In the spring of 1880 I disposed of my business interests in Exeter and moved to Indianola, Nebraska, where I engaged in banking and real estate.

I served as a member of the School Board most of the time of my twenty-four years residence in the town. I was also a State Senator from that district in the Nebraska Legislature during the Sessions of 1883 and 1885.

In October, 1904, I moved with my family to Los Angeles, California, where I purchased a home and resided at 1621 Toberman Street until April 3rd, 1914, when we moved to Hollywood, California, where we had built a new home at 1747 Las Palmas Avenue and reside at the present time.

My first business venture after coming to Los Angeles, was to purchase some vacant acreage near the City, that I afterwards subdivided into lots, and sold mostly as residence sites. This is about the only business I have done since coming here, except a small amount of residence building. I take some pride in the fact that in my subdivision work I have sold to the Los Angeles Board of Education three school sites upon which there have been erected three fine buildings, viz., one at 54th and Western Avenue, one on Budlong at 60th Street and the last at 60th Street and Vermont Avenue.

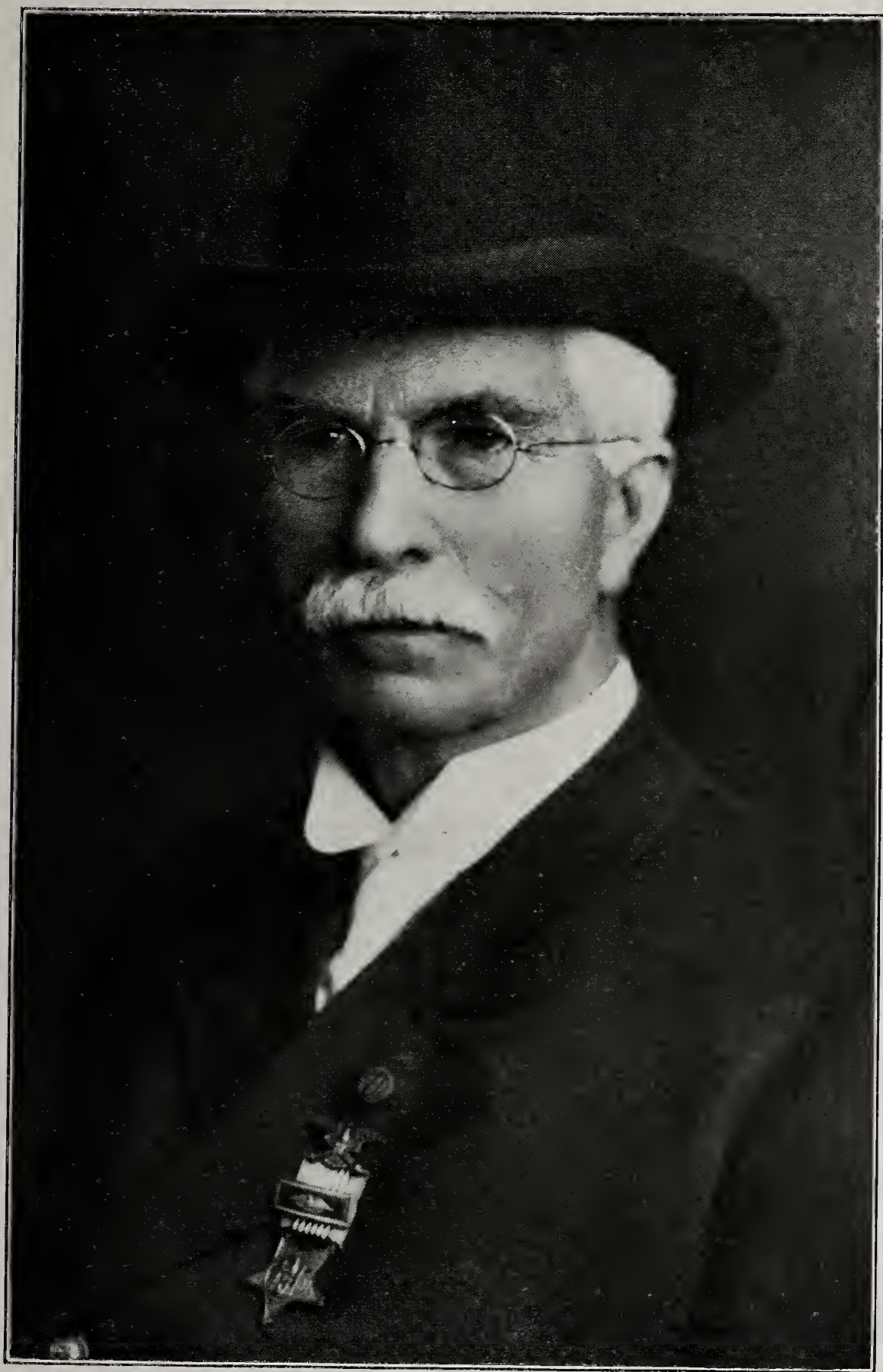
At the present time, October 4, 1926, I seem to be approaching the end of life's journey. The few events here presented is no pretense of my life's story, being only a small addition to the little story of my dear wife, subjoined to hers and at her request. She has

been my inspiring helpmate during the fifty years of our wedded life, from 1876 to 1926, and it is surely a wonderful pleasure to be able to say at the latter end of the fifty years, our happiness in the blissful union is no less than in the beginning.

JAMES WILSON DOLAN.

1747 Las Palmas Ave.  
Hollywood, Cal.  
October 4, 1926.





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